

MODERNISM AND THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.  
BY THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR CANON MOYES.

3314



Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE ARAKELIAN PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

**THE IMPROVED**  
**Boston**  
**Garter**



KNOWN AND  
WORN ALL OVER  
THE WORLD

The NAME is  
Stamped on Every Loop

The *Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg —  
Never slips, tears, nor  
unfastens

EVERY PAIR  
WARRANTED

OF YOUR DEALER  
or Sample Pair, Cotton 25c., Silk 40c., mailed on  
receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.  
ALWAYS EASY

VISIT OUR NEW



UPHOLSTERY  
DEPARTMENT

WHITNEY'S

Temple Place and West Street  
BOSTON

# FURS Edward Kakas & Sons

## MARK DOWN SALE

Mink Muffs,	MADE FROM DARK NATURAL SKINS	{	\$30	REGULAR PRICE	\$45
			\$45	REGULAR PRICE	\$60

Mink Muffs, . . . . .	\$65	FORMER PRICE	\$85
-----------------------	------	-----------------	------

Extra Fine Selected Skins . . .	\$80	FORMER PRICE	\$115
---------------------------------	------	-----------------	-------

Mink Neckwear, EXCLUSIVE STYLES	Now \$25 to \$100	REGULAR PRICE	\$40 to \$175
------------------------------------	-------------------	------------------	---------------

### Russian Pony Coats

High grade French dyed skins, our own make.

The finest to be found in Boston. Reduced to

\$75 from \$115	\$85 from \$125	\$100 from \$150
-----------------	-----------------	------------------

# Edward Kakas & Sons

364 Boylston Street, Boston . . . . . Near Arlington Street





# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XXXVIII.}

No. 3314 January 11, 1908.

{ FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. COLVI.

## CONTENTS

I.	Modernism and the Papal Encyclical. By the Right Reverend Monsignor Canon Moyes	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	67
II.	The Happy Criminal	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	78
III.	The Return of the Emigrant. Chapter XX. Miss Mariamme. By Lydia Miller Mackay. (To be continued.)	By	83
IV.	Queen Victoria's Sovereignty. By George W. E. Russell	ALBANY REVIEW	87
V.	Over Niagara—And After? By J. W. Cross	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	98
VI.	An African Andromeda. By W. H. Adams	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	105
VII.	America in the Pacific	OUTLOOK	119
VIII.	When Does Old Age Begin?	SPECTATOR	122
IX.	Lord Kelvin	ECONOMIST	124
A PAGE OF VERSE			
X.	Helvetia Reditura. By Leonard Huxley	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	66
XI.	Ballade of the Journey's End. By Margaret Sackville	SPECTATOR	66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS			
			126



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## HELVETIA REDITURA.

Snowfields and bleak, star-searching  
crags,  
Lone pastures, soft with sound  
Of far-off bells' enchanted chime  
And falling waters round,

And valleys, where the hurrying sun  
Heaps tardy summer up  
Twixt snow and snow, and brims  
with warmth  
Her life-engendering cup—

Far off, 'mid less inspiring airs  
Of my low, sea-worn land,  
Let my tired eyes one moment close  
And these are near at hand.

Gone are the dusty streets, the air  
Thick with the city's breath;  
Uprise the peaks, upsprings the breeze  
That haunts the ice beneath.

Once more the dancing lanterns lead  
Across the starlit snows;  
Once more the darkling blue grows  
cold,  
The pale dawn spreads and glows.

Once more the crisp snow seems to  
lend  
Strange speed to eager feet,  
Till the cold glories of the dawn  
Merge in the cloudless heat.

I quit the snow: I grip the rock,  
The grinning "chimney" try,  
And glorious struggling, breathless,  
torn,  
Thread the "Gold Needle's" eye.

Toil, triumph, rest; then in the im-  
mense  
Embrace of silence glows  
One unimaginable hour  
The plainsman never knows.

But lids unclose, and you are gone,  
Dear visionary gleam.  
Was it the passing motor mocked  
The torrent in my dream?

The pile of papers on my desk—  
Was this my dream-sérac?  
My truant pen the axe that hewed  
Steps in its broad, white back?

Go, vision, for you must: but not  
Too far; and when I'm fain  
For your dear freshness, come and peep  
Through my closed lids again.

*Leonard Huxley.*  
The Cornhill Magazine.

BALLADE OF THE JOURNEY'S  
END.

Those far fair lands our feet have  
trod—  
The journey that was never done—  
The dreams that followed us golden  
shod—  
All mad adventure 'neath the sun—  
Ships in the trough of a waste sea  
spun—  
The treasures of outlawed Kings—  
And the white walls of Babylon;—  
Ah! woe is me for all these things!

Your staff and scrip are laid aside  
And all my golden minstrelsy;  
We sail no more at the turn of the tide  
In a captured vessel out to sea.  
Oh! fallen and sick and tired are we!  
Sleek sloth about us twines and  
clings,  
And where is the sword that should set  
us free?—  
Ah! woe is me for all these things!

The street lamps in a dreary line  
Gaze through the dusk with venom-  
ous eyes.  
We stir the fire and pour the wine,  
For we have done with enterprise.  
The anxious town about us lies;  
Another song the shrill wind sings  
Than that which startled the morning  
skies—  
Ah! woe is me for all these things!

*Envoi.*

A sudden gust and a rattle of rain,  
And a thought which leaps in the  
heart and stings.  
Draw the curtains close round the  
window pane!—  
Ah! woe is me for all these things!

*Margaret Sackville.*

The Spectator.

**MODERNISM AND THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.**

Two questions suggested by recent events are not unfrequently upon the lips of inquirers: "What is Modernism?" and "Why has the Pope condemned it?" We may put aside, first of all, the hasty conjecture that the Pope, by some traditional instinct of his see, has wished to fulminate against modern life and progress. The term "Modernist" is not of the Pope's minting. It was used by Modernist writers themselves to connote their own ethos of thought and writing, and the Pope—rather courteously, I think—took the term just as he found it. For the rest, the Church has no particular quarrel with whatever is soundest and best in modern civilization. If every people in Christendom wished to have a fuller measure of civil liberty under more democratic conditions, the Holy See has declared that the Church is indifferent to forms of government, and that she is ready to bless and support any or all which the nations may wish to adopt. If men desire to make the most abundant use of the scientific discoveries which have come to enrich modern life, and to talk to one another by wireless telegraphy, and visit one another in air-ships, the Church is ready to rejoice with them in all that they may do for the purpose. The only liberty which she denies to her members is that of saying "no" where God has said "yes," or, to put it otherwise, the liberty, in those who profess her creeds and share her communion, of saying yes and no at the same time.

At first sight it would seem that Modernism is not a mere tangle of tendencies, but more or less of a compact whole, and that therefore it is possible to define it, at least in a broad and general way, by saying that it is a form of belief which finds the origin

of all religion and knowledge of God in the soul's internal sense and experience. And if this definition should prompt the further question "What is it that feeds the sense and produces the experience?" it would be necessary to add that Modernism replies that it is the Divine Reality, or God Himself who by a permanent indwelling and action in the soul—called Immanence—manifests Himself in some measure to it, and draws it into union with Him. In point of fact, such a definition falls very far short of covering the area to be defined, for it represents at most what may be regarded as the primary principle from which Modernism sets out, or upon which, or around which, it builds. Taking the thought-movement as it actually exists, it will suffice for the moment to say that it is a group of beliefs, manifold and various, but more or less interconnected so as to form a system, and that this system will be best understood if we consider a few of its more salient beliefs in detail.

In the recent Papal Encyclical *Pascendi Gregis* there is contained a very able and remarkable exposition of the Modernist doctrines, one, in fact, so full and elaborate that the general reader may perhaps be excusable if he has been found to have shirked the task of studying it quite as closely and carefully as the document certainly deserves. The scope of the present article is merely to indicate a few of the chief Modernist beliefs, so that it may thus suggest an answer in brief to the question as to the meaning of Modernism, and at the same time to show the line of demarcation between these doctrines and Catholic faith, so that the reader may gather for himself the answer to that further question as to the

reasons which have led the Pope to condemn it. I take it that we shall be fairly at the heart of the Modernist system if out of the structure of its doctrines we select the following five.

I may add that in what follows I speak distinctively of the Catholic Church, because I have no sort of claim to speak of any other, but I do not wish to imply that many of the great principles which the Encyclical defends are not happily common to a large number of sincere and earnest Christians outside her pale.

#### I.—NON-INTERVENTION OF THE DIVINE IN HISTORY

A fundamental tenet of Modernism is the entire separation of the domain of faith from that of history. These two domains are held to be as circles which do not intersect in any part of their area. All that is divine or supernatural is assigned to the one; all that is visible or verifiable is claimed for the other. It will be observed that this assumes *a priori* that a divine or supernatural fact—such as the Resurrection or the feeding of the multitude in the desert—cannot be effected in such a way as to be visible or provable, and so become matter of history. It follows that all those parts of the Gospel which narrate facts of a miraculous or supernatural character—some three-fifths of the entire text—must be treated as devoid of any historical reality. Most of all, this principle of the non-intervention of the divine in history affects the concept of Christ, and insists upon a practical distinction between the Christ of historical fact and the Christ of Faith. The Christ of historical fact is a man who enters this world and leaves it like any one else, whose body rots in the grave and goes into dust like those of other men. He passes through life with the same limitations of knowledge and education imposed upon him by

the circumstances of his place and time. His religious experience lifts him indeed above the level of the average man, but as far as the reality of historical fact goes, he is simply a Galilean peasant and a man who lived and died amongst his fellows. If it be urged against this abasement of Christ, that we have the evidence of the evangelists that He did works which transcended the power of man, the Modernist reply is that it is precisely this transcending element that is not real history, or historical fact, but history transfigured and embroidered by the faith of His followers, and that consequently it has to be eliminated from the genuine historical account of Christ as presented to us in the New Testament. There is, thus, neither a Divine Christ nor any intervention of the divine to be found in history. In conformity with this principle, Modernists are said to have asserted that no genuine proof of the divinity of Christ is discoverable in the synoptic Gospels. With a plan of the elimination of the divine agreed upon beforehand, and *a priori* as part of the principle of non-intervention, it would certainly have been somewhat surprising if there had been. Were this determination to shut out all evidence of the divine from history adopted only *pro forma*, or for argument's sake, in seeking a common ground when dealing with unbelievers, it might reasonably be understood as a mere policy of apologetic. But it is significant that with the Modernist it is not a matter of policy, but a matter of principle, and of a principle advisedly and sincerely held as lying at the very foundation of his system. He believes that in history, as in science, our observation falls only on phenomena, and that the Divine Reality does not and cannot enter into the sphere of human life or activity, so as to become a figure or agent in history.

In the face of this root principle of denial, and of its rigorous consequence in the reduction of Christ to the human level on the stage of history, the Catholic Church through her Supreme Head has raised her voice in condemnation and correction. Being what she is, and believing what she does, it is difficult to see how she could have acted otherwise. The exclusion of a Divine Christ from the domain of historical fact, and the cardinal principle upon which it rests, namely the non-ingratitude of the divine in human history, is felt to be not only incompatible with Catholic faith, but subversive of Christianity. For Christianity is nothing if not the religion of the Incarnation, and from the standpoint of the Catholic Church, the very meaning and the whole significance of the Incarnation is precisely that the divine *did* enter into our human life and history, and that God was born into this world, lived and walked, and taught in our midst, and that He was the author of the words that men heard from His human lips, and of the works which they saw wrought by His human hands. All this, and nothing less than this, the Church finds in the revealed truth that "The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us."

No one imagines that in this life, the Divine Nature in its essence becomes visible or tangible, but every one who accepts the Catholic view of the Incarnation holds that a Divine Person came here upon earth, and said divine words and did divine deeds which were audible and visible, and consequently matter of history, and of true narration by the evangelists. This presence and action of the divine in the human life, made evidence in such a way that they could be witnessed to, and become the rational groundwork of the supernatural act of faith, are an essential part of Catholic Christianity. In fact, without it, our Christianity would be

bereft of any historical basis, and taken apart from this bed-rock of testimony, it would be difficult to see how our faith could be anything more than that blind subjective emotion which the Church has long since repudiated under the name of fideism, or faith without natural and rational foundation. It is needless to say that we do not save our souls by believing in history or by any mere intellectual perception, but we save them by faith—an assent of the intellect prompted by the will—believing with the help of grace, the word and work of God, the saying and doing of which are entrenched in history. It was with a view to safeguarding this supreme interest of the reasonable character of our service of faith that the Vatican Council affirmed that the obedience of faith was not a blind action of the mind, and that besides the inspiration of grace, it has to justify its wilful assent by having a basis of proof in "divine facts," and is thus brought "into harmony with reason."<sup>1</sup> That is only to say that, by the wise building of Him who is at once the author of nature and of grace, reason underlies faith, and the natural is the groundwork of the supernatural. Thus, the Catholic Church, not merely by the recent Encyclical, but by the teaching of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, has taken up a position which must by its very meaning resist to the uttermost any elimination of the divine element from the domain of Gospel history. That must stand in part for the answer to the question why Pius the Tenth has condemned the doctrines of the Modernists.

## II.—THE EVOLUTIONARY CONSCIOUSNESS OF CHRIST

Under this second tenet of the Modernist system, it may be observed that the collision between it and the

<sup>1</sup> See "Dogmatic Constitution of the Vatican," Chap. III.

cepted Catholic teaching travels back once more to the concept of the Incarnation. The Catholic mind in thinking of Christ instinctively begins from the side of the divine, for there alone is the Person, to whom all His words and acts are assignable albeit operated in the human nature. It knows that to speak of Christ is to speak of God the Son, living, teaching, suffering in His humanity. It will never accept as the relation between the human soul of Christ and His Godhead anything short of a union which makes one personality. It regards as an evasion of Christianity any attempt to treat Christ as a mere glorified super-Human, a man uplifted into some vague or undefined closeness to God, or a man who has been merely filled or inspired by God, or a man differing only from the rest of men insomuch as he has been vouchsafed an exceptional measure of religious experience. Its reply to all such mincing formulæ is the simple and straightforward one, that He is God—God made man for our salvation—and in this truth it finds and feels the whole joy and strength of its Christianity. This concept of Christ—made clear at the Council of Ephesus fourteen centuries ago—will explain why the Catholic conscience recoils from certain views which Modernist writers have expressed on the evolutionary character of the human knowledge or consciousness of Christ. It is not that the Catholic Church could ever suppose that the human soul of Christ possessed the absolute omniscience of His Godhead, for the Infinite cannot be contained in the finite. But it is the common accepted teaching, not merely of Catholic theologians, but of Fathers and Councils of the Church, that by virtue of the personal union of His human soul to the Godhead, It ever possessed a super-excelling share in the divine knowledge, and thus had that

power of knowing all that it wished or needed to know, which has been called relative omniscience. In such knowledge there is necessarily perfectibility, and theologians of the school of St. Thomas have taught that there was a real, as well as an outward progress in Christ's human knowledge and experience. It is not, therefore, that Catholic teaching denies any sort of evolution, in the sense of progress, in the knowledge in the human mind of Christ, but that it maintains that such evolution must be one that is compatible with the unspeakably close and personal union which subsisted from the beginning between Christ's human soul and His Godhead. The least that would be involved as the resultant of this, the Hypostatic Union, from its inception would be the knowledge in the mind of Christ of His own Godhead and of His divine salvific purpose and mission to mankind.

There are two points in which the Modernist doctrine stands out in contradiction to this teaching.

In the first place, the Modernist system, by the very logic of what we may call its root principle, is constrained to speak of the knowledge in the human mind of Christ as the fruit of an exalted religious experience derived from the divinity immanent in Him, and revealing itself to Him. As a result, the knowledge and the experience, although admittedly far above and beyond that which is given to the rest of men, is held to differ not in kind, but only in measure from the knowledge and experience which was common to the prophets, or to the great founders and leaders of religions, such as Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet and others, in whom God was also immanent, albeit revealing Himself in a lower and less vivid degree. The Catholic Church cannot accept this putting of Christ on the same plane, or the upper end of the same inclined plane, with

merely human teachers, any more than she could accept the relationship between God and these human leaders of religions as so many approximate incarnations. No doubt the Incarnation, as the supreme union between God and man, has its analogies and its reflex in all the lesser relationships of the Creator and the creature, and no doubt God makes a revelation of Himself, by the natural light of reason or by the promptings of His grace, to all men who seek Him in sincerity. But the shadow is not the substance, and that such guidance given by God to His rational creatures should be in any sense comparable or co-ordinate with the infusion of divine knowledge which God the Son pours into His own soul, by its personal union with His Godhead, is felt to be contrary to the unique and incomparable glory and dignity of the Christ as understood and held by Catholic Christianity.

The second point in which this divergence of principle makes itself felt, and keenly felt, is in the question of the extent of the knowledge in the mind of Christ. While the Church recognizes that the soul of Christ as a creature must be bounded by those limitations which necessarily attach to a finite being—even when admitted to the vision of God—she repudiates any lack or defect of knowledge in Christ, which would be unworthy of the union of the divinity and the humanity in the Incarnation, or inconsistent with the office of the Redeemer. On the other hand, the Modernist governed in his exegesis by his foregone principle of non-ingenerance, represents Christ as possessing in this human soul the knowledge which might well belong to a highly religious peasant of His age, place and period. It is thus asserted that Christ during the greater portion of His life was utterly unconscious of His own Divinity; that He had no conception of the Church which was to be

later on founded by His followers; that He lived and died without any suspicion that He was the Saviour of mankind. In this we have the theory of Kenosis carried to a point in which it becomes destructive of the Catholic concept of the Incarnation. This picture of an ignorant Christ, blundering piteously over the nature and nearness of His kingdom, waking up one day to make the discovery that He was God, and going to His death without an inkling that by so doing He was saving mankind, or that His blood was the price of man's salvation, is not a Christ which the Catholic conscience can in the least recognize. It is not the Divine Christ whom we and millions of good Christians who are not Catholics have been taught to love and worship, and it is certainly not a Christ to whom we could ever bend the knee in adoration. Rather it is a pitiful caricature, from which we turn with indifference, if not with contempt. It is hardly surprising that the attempt to foist it upon believing souls as a substitute for the dearly loved Christ and the cherished Christianity which the Church has preached for some twenty centuries, should have been deeply resented by faithful Catholics, and should have brought upon Modernists the Church's censure and condemnation.

### III.—THE SENSE-ORGAN AND INSTABILITY OF DOGMA.

Perhaps the most fundamental and far-reaching of all the differences between Modernism and Catholicism is to be found in the concept of dogma which the Modernist derives from his root principle as to the origin of religion. The position of Catholicism as to the nature and value of dogma is sufficiently well known and unmistakably clear. It holds that God who made man was pleased to become his Teacher. That is to say, the Divine Intelligence has spoken to the intelli-

gence of man, so that man may be enlightened and sanctified by the divine truth, and to the will of man that man may be won to the likeness of the divine life and holiness. God has thus spoken to the prophets, and through His Divine Son, and His utterance is called Revelation. Man's receiving and believing what God has said to him is called faith. It is the supreme worship in which his intellect, the highest part of his nature, is bowed down in homage to the intellect of his Maker, to be completed by love or will-worship in which the will of the Father is done upon Earth as it is in Heaven. We may note that God in the work of revelation follows, as we might expect, the lines of His own work in creation, and having made man intelligent and loving, addresses Himself to his intelligence and to his heart, and to the heart through the intelligence, for we only love what we know. The voice of Catholicism to the nations is therefore: "Here is a message of salvation, a body of truths which God has taught, and of laws which God has commanded, and because He has spoken them, they are true and holy, and they never can cease to be so."

In this two things are quite evident. First, it is held that the Divine message of revealed truth comes from God in order to be known and understood. It is therefore addressed to man's intelligence, and by this fact it comes from God in an intelligible or intellectual form, and as such, we call it most aptly and appropriately the "word of God." Secondly, the revealed truth in its intellectual form (viz., appealing to the understanding) is divine and immutable in the sense that it can never be other than true. "The truth of the Lord remaineth for ever." Catholicism

recognizes that it is precisely this intellective<sup>2</sup> or mind appeal which is the great safeguard of intelligent and reasonable, as marked off from merely sentimental or emotional religion.

Such a body of revealed truth, or dogma, as it is called, is, indeed, necessarily subject to a law of development in the sense that it becomes in the course of the ages more explicit. But by the nature of its origin it is a development which follows the character of revelation, just as revelation itself followed the character of creation, and is therefore a development from truth to truth. That is to say, it is a development which has for its primary term or *terminus a quo* the truth-message, as it came from the mind of the Maker, having stamped upon it, and bearing upon it throughout in its intellectual form or mind-meaning, the stable and indestructible character which belongs to the Word of God.

Between this and the Modernist conception of dogma, and its development, there is a difference which goes down to the very foundations of the system. The Modernist begins, not with a communication of truth from God to the mind of man, but with a mere manifestation made by God of Himself as immanent in the conscience, to the religious *sense*. What man receives from God is not a truth-message, but a *feeling* of religious experience. This the Modernist calls revelation, and with it, so to speak, God's part begins and ends. But man handles his feeling or religious experience, and, by use of his intellect, seeks to explain it to himself. In doing so he gives it an intellectual expression and transforms it into terms of dogma. Thus the intellectual expression and the trans-

<sup>2</sup>It is unnecessary to say that in insisting on the intellective or integral character of revelation there is no question, as some have imagined, of involving any sort of verbal in-

spiration. All that it requires is that God shall put a truth in the mind of man in order that he may certainly know it, and may be able to communicate it to others.

formation are not God's work, but man's own work, and one for which man and not God is responsible. In this way dogma as an expression of revelation is put upon a purely human foundation. The dogmatic truths—the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Resurrection, formulated for belief, become mere human and inadequate symbols which may be helpful at one time and useless or harmful at another. The instability as well as the fallibility of dogma becomes a law and a necessity of the system. Its *terminus a quo* is not truth but sense, and its evolution, in so far as it has any, would not be a development in which something remains the same, losing nothing which it has had while growing fuller and clearer, but a mere succession of transformations in which one intellective form is cast aside to make way for another. Such a series of substitutions might indicate at most a development of the religious *sense* underlying the transformations, but it would no more be a development of *doctrine* or dogma, than the succession of the views in a kaleidoscope would be a development of its first representation.

Readers of Cardinal Newman's *Essay on the Development of Doctrine*—a development presupposing external revelation and proceeding from an original body of revealed truth as a *terminus a quo* by a law according to which all that was first given is preserved, and in which the latest product, to be genuine, must have existed in the original germ—will recognize at once the chasm that separates this teaching, which is clearly compatible with the stability of dogma, from the destructive sense-transformation theory of the Modernist, which demands and requires its utter-instability and, if I may say so, treats Christian doctrines as mere soap-bubbles blown by the intellect from the pipe of religious experience. According to this theory, it

would be open to any Christian who found himself no longer spiritually helped by the dogma of the Atonement to discard its fact-value and take simply Christ's death as an edifying example of self-sacrifice, and in like manner to regard the Resurrection not as an historical fact, but—to use the phrase of an eminent French Modernist—as a roundabout way of saying that "Christ is our contemporary." Even the Incarnation itself might come to be treated as merely a cumbersome and crude matter-of-fact expression of the immanence of God in all, but especially in the highly exalted spiritual creation. In this process the whole of the Nicene Creed could gradually be disposed of, under the plea of reaching a higher and more helpful significance, or rendering of the religious sense, and the system would eventuate not in the development, but in the dissolution of dogma. The Catholic Church could hardly be expected to stand by, mute and with arms folded, while the whole dogmatic system of Christian faith was being cast into the melting-pot of the Modernists. The Encyclical of Pius the Tenth has struck straight at the whole fallacy, and not so much by any fresh decision, but by re-uttering the condemnation which such errors have already received some forty years ago in the Decrees of the Vatican Council. These Decrees affirmed with the authority of a General Council the great foundational truths—the fact of an external Revelation, the nature of faith as a mental assent, the perpetuity and stability of dogma and the character of true, as distinguished from false, doctrinal development.

A curious form of misconception which seems to have found a place in the mind of some critics in haste has been the supposition that in the recent Encyclical the Pope has condemned the whole principle of doctrinal develop-

ment. That indeed would be passing strange in view of the fact that this principle, essentially Catholic, is stamped upon the whole face of Church history, and is seen in full working, even in the earliest Councils. It was noted by the Schoolmen, who marked it as a growth from within, and not from without, in their dictum *non profectus fidei in fidei, sed profectus fidelis in fide*. It was minutely discussed at the Council of Florence in 1438, and described by its name of "development" or "unfolding" as contra-distinguished from accretion or "addition" from without. It was in fact the chief argument of the Archbishop of Rhodes and of Bessarion in the debates with the Greeks over the admission of the *Filioque*. Its laws and tests have happily received classic treatment at the hands of Cardinal Newman, and its place in the system of Catholic belief has been affirmed in the Dogmatic Constitution of the Vatican Council—an affirmation on which the recent Encyclical distinctly lays special stress. Hence the last thing which could be reasonably imputed to the Church or to Pius the Tenth would be any intention to impugn the principle of dogmatic development. Rather is it that just because the principle is so precious and so vital, the Holy See has felt it to be a matter of supreme importance that it should be safeguarded from crude exaggerations, and most of all from being robbed of the majesty of its stability, and thus be deformed and degraded into a mere succession of temporary transformations.

Not a little obscurity has been imported into this consideration by pushing too far and very recklessly the patent distinction between a dogmatic truth and its expression or formula. A dogma may be a necessary truth, like the doctrine concerning God's life and nature, and as such it is eternally

true. Or it may be a fact-truth, like the Incarnation, and as such it is everlastingly true. For if it be true at all that God became man, a fact once a fact is always a fact, and not even God Himself could destroy it. So far we may note the indestructible permanence of dogmatic truth in itself. The next question is the permanence of its formulation. The relation between a dogmatic truth and a formula which accurately expresses it, is inherent, and is not by its nature a provisional or passing one. As long as words mean what they mean—and in a stable language and for the overwhelming majority of their number, that will be for ages—and in their historic sense in perpetuity—the bond of expressiveness between truth and formula is in one sense a natural one and cannot be broken. A formula, therefore, cannot be treated merely like a separable factor—as a vessel in which water is carried, or a vesture in which a body is clothed. I can put the water into a new vessel, and then am free to discard the former one, or I can vest the body in a new clothing, and then cast aside the old, and in such cases the rejected vessel and clothing have no longer any connection or relation with what was carried or clothed. Not so with the formula of a truth. Formulas are "sound forms of words," or "types," as the Fathers aptly call them. They are not mere counters and symbols, but are, as far as they go, true images or pictures of the truth which they express. They preserve the likeness of what they represent, even when fuller and more graphic portraits come to be hung on the wall beside them. The adoption of the new formula does nothing to falsify or evacuate the old. I may indeed find a better formula for expressing the truth, but the old formula retains, inalienably, as long as the words retain their meaning, its power of expression

in its own degree, and in it, its claim on my assent, so that it can neither be discarded or denied. I may express the Incarnation in the simple formula "Christ is the Son of God," and later on I may find a better formula in the Nicene profession that Christ is "consubstantial to the Father." But the finding of the latter formula gives me no right or title to reject or deny the old primitive one, which retains its expressiveness and remains to the end of time indestructibly true. Of course all formulas are inadequate—for that matter, all religion and even the Beatific Vision itself as an expression of truth, is in a sense inadequate<sup>3</sup>; but while being inadequate a formula once true continues in its order and measure to be true and undeniably. It is thus that any true development of dogma must proceed from age to age in a fuller, clearer and more explicit formulation, but never casting away from its treasure the old in the bringing forth of the new. We may not deny the Apostles' Creed because we recite the Nicene. It is this natural permanence and perpetuity in the sphere of formulation which enters into the meaning of the stability of dogma as a factor of its true development, and lies behind the teaching of the Encyclical against the Modernists.

#### IV.—THE DENIAL OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE SACRAMENTS BY CHRIST IN PERSON

It was not only the dogmatic, but the sacramental system of the Church which was impugned by Modernism. If to the Catholic the sacraments were mere symbols which by their nature or association tended to excite the religious sense, much as the sight of a religious picture tends to awaken devotion, it would matter but little when or by whom they were instituted.

<sup>3</sup>In the sense that there is infinitely more in God than even the angels can comprehend.

But it is a principle of Catholic faith that they are outward signs to the administration of which is annexed by divine ordinance the bestowal of grace and the application of the merits of Christ. As no one but Christ can send the Holy Spirit or apply the saving merit of redemption, it follows from the very nature of the position, that no other person than Christ could institute a sacrament, and that while the choice of the outward elements of the sign might in the case of this or that sacrament be left to the discretion of the Church, the institution of the sacrament itself and the creation of the nexus between its outward sign and the inward grace could no more be attributed to man or any society of men, than could the authorship of grace or the Divine application of the merits of the Saviour.

To meet the exigencies of its evolutionary theory, the Modernist system held that Christ Himself in person did not institute any of the sacraments, not even those of baptism or the Eucharist. It was maintained that in celebrating the last Supper, Christ had no thought of founding either sacrament or sacrifice; and that personally He never gave any charge that His followers should be baptized in the name of the Three Persons of the Trinity. It holds that all the sacraments have been instituted after the days of Christ, and gradually, in the course of time, by His followers. It adds, in fact, that Christ in Person never instituted the Church, or had any idea that He was to be the Founder of any organized society. Modernists urge that the life and spirit of Christ survive in His followers, and that therefore the Church and the sacraments instituted by them may be said to be instituted by Christ, although not immediately or personally, but this plea is not one which would in the

least meet the requirements of the Catholic position. No human society, however much filled with the life of Christ, could have any conceivable competence to institute sacraments involving an objective supernatural change, such as the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, or even baptismal regeneration. They could only be imagined to do so, at the most, by a commission from Christ, and in that case Christ Himself would be the real institutor. But that is precisely what Modernism denies, since it maintains that Christ Himself had neither any knowledge, or any intention on the subject. It is thus that the very duty and safeguarding of the Catholic sacramental system necessitates the condemnation of the theory of sacramental evolution. That is only to say that if a sacrament be by its nature a divine work of Christ as the author of grace and redemption, it may in given cases be evolved as to the elements of its outward sign, but not as to its institution.

#### V.—SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY

The Modernist conception of the Church is a collectivity of consciences, teaching and ruling through a Magisterium which it itself has empowered and established. It is thus a spiritual democracy in which we may say that conscience is invested with a universal suffrage. At all events, the collectivity of consciences becomes the ultimate source of control, and therefore the ultimate court of appeal, seeing that it is from it that popes, bishops, and priests hold their mandate of authority. This democratizing of the constitution of the Church is the logical outcome of the system, for if Christ did not institute the Church, He could not commission it, and if His followers formed and founded the Church by themselves, the same power which constituted it naturally must retain the ultimate and

inalienable authority to govern it. To the Catholic Church, the founding and the commissioning of the Church was the personal work of Christ, who not only laid her foundations in the Apostles and charged her to teach the nations, but sent down upon her His Holy Spirit for the purpose. Her powers are thus derived from Christ and His Apostles, and her constitution in the matter of teaching, ministry, and government is necessarily Christocratic and Apostolic, and the theory of her being a spiritual democracy, or a fold in which the sheep ultimately commission, teach, and control the shepherds, would be to her a complete perversion and inversion of the divine order. Logical dualism is in truth broader and sounder than illogical monism, and one may be excused for feeling that the tendency to apply to the Church the principles of democracy and representative government and popular control seems derived in some measure from a certain narrowness and confusion of thought. In civil government, the end to be attained, the temporal welfare of society, is one within the lines of the natural order, and therefore quite within the rational reach and competence of men themselves to attain it. Nothing is more natural than that in such a sphere the powers of government should be given by God in their natural endowment to the people, and through them to their rulers, and every citizen may be said to carry in his brain and in his right arm his eligibility, if not his claim, to the suffrage. But in the spiritual domain, by the very nature of things, the position is reversed. The end to be attained—the soul's salvation—is supernatural and beyond the reach of our natural capacity, since Christ alone can effect it. In the society established for the purpose it was just as logical that the constituent and controlling powers should come down-

wards from Christ and His Apostles to its rulers for the people, as it was that in the State they should come upwards from the people to the rulers. As Christ Himself expressed it, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." There is, of course, as St. Thomas has pointed out, a very true sense in which the Catholic Church is democratic, but her constitution is apostolic, and her authority to teach, to minister, and to govern, she holds directly from Christ and His Apostles, and not from the souls over whom and for whom these powers are exercised. Hence Pius the Tenth in his Encyclical reminds us that the Modernist theory in this point is a subversion of the divine constitution of the Church, which has long since been condemned as heretical.

The above is but a crude attempt at a summary, in which the writer is fully conscious of the number and importance of the considerations which have been left untouched, as difficult to bring within the compass of an article. It has been written merely to suggest that to the plain question, Why has the Pope condemned the Modernists? an answer sufficiently plain and substantial may be given on the fingers of one hand:

(1) Because the Modernists have denied that the divine facts related in the Gospel are historically true.

(2) Because they have denied that Christ for most of His life knew that He was God, and that He ever knew that He was the Saviour of the world.

\* It has been stated that the Encyclical excludes every system of thought except scholasticism, which is imposed in its entirety upon Catholics. Any reader of the Encyclical will easily see that such a statement is without foundation. The Pope only requires that the scholastic method shall be the *basis* of clerical studies, and only such parts of it as are "in keeping with the certain results of later times." The Church does not philoso-

(3) Because they have denied the divine sanction, and the perpetuity of the great dogmas which enter into the Christian creed.

(4) Because they have denied that Christ Himself personally ever founded the Church or instituted the Sacraments.

(5) Because they deny and subvert the divine constitution of the Church, by teaching that the Pope and the bishops derive their powers not directly from Christ and His Apostles, but from the Christian people.

In conclusion, it may be observed that one of the plainest features of the Encyclical is that the doctrinal teaching which Pius the Tenth opposes to these Modernist denials is one which rests upon the teaching of St. Paul and the Evangelists, and was the common property of the Fathers and the councils long centuries before the scholastics came into existence. Nothing, therefore, can be more puerile than any attempt to discount it as mere scholasticism.\*

I should be sorry indeed if I have in any way, even unwittingly, overstated these denials. To a Catholic, they are far too regrettable, that there should be any temptation to exaggerate them. I think, however, that any reader who may wish to verify them will find in the Modernist literature, and in its best known utterances, as some who followed it have recognized with sorrow, abundant evidence to show that they have been made, and made as logical parts of a system which is given and must be taken as

phize, or impose systems of philosophy as such. But she requires that certain truths of the natural order which are postulated by her message (such as the non-self existence of the universe, the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, the existence of a reality underlying phenomena) shall be safeguarded, and that Catholics shall not adopt systems of philosophy which traverse or deny them.

a consistent whole. The issues which affect souls are always important, and one may feel that it is more helpful to deal with such questions impersonally,

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

so that the interests of light may, as far as we can make them, be also those of peace and charity.

*J. Moyes.*

*Cathedral Clergy House, Westminster.*

### THE HAPPY CRIMINAL.

For those who would win an easy sympathy there is nowadays no better course than a life of crime. On the one hand the humanitarians come to their aid, with pity and regret. They tell them that they are the poor victims of circumstances, rather sinned against than sinning—that had they been born in a happier moment they would have been vestrymen at least and perhaps members of the London County Council. They assure them that, if they will only spend their leisure, when enlarged, at the nearest library, put upon the rates by Mr. Carnegie, reformation will be simple and profitable. And if the foolish criminal, instead of taking good advice, cracks a crib or murders a benefactor, the humanitarians are ready to sign petitions for his release, and to declare that the courts of law are the base survivals of a merciless barbarism. In brief, there is nothing so dear to the heart of the humanitarians as the criminal, save the enemies of their country. And it is not surprising to find the pro-Boers protesting eloquently, and as one man, against the shedding of guilty blood. The law-abiding patriot needs neither sympathy nor protection. It is for the law-breaker or the public enemy that our Radicals reserve their patient regard.

On the other hand stands the disciple of Lombroso, eager to measure the facial angle and to pinch the bumps of the criminal. He would be content, if the law allowed him, to trace the scoundrel's ancestry, to prove him de-

generate, and then to suggest, by a cunning classification, that he is own brother to the man of genius. He would argue that the victim of a receding chin is but what his forebears have made him, and that a hospital or a museum, not a prison, is the proper place for him. Severity, in brief, is out of fashion. Short sentences, a little cooling medicine, and an easy course of English literature seem to the sanguine sentimentalists more useful than incarceration. The prison appears to these fad-mongers a dismal, uncomfortable place, to whose gloomy restraints no decent burglar should be committed, and if they had their way they would convert all our jails into centres of university extension or lecture-halls of anthropology.

The prevailing sentiment makes Sir Robert Anderson's sensible work, "Criminals and Crimes" (London: Nisbet & Co.), the more welcome. In the pages of this book you will find no concession to fad or folly. Sir Robert understands the problem which he sets out to solve better than any of his contemporaries. A long experience has taught him the strength and weakness of the criminal. He is perfectly familiar with that gentleman's habits and character. He recognizes what the sentimentalists will never understand, that the robbed or murdered citizen deserves more pity than the hero of the jemmy and knuckle-duster. At the same time, if he is severe, he is not vindictive. He does not believe in punishment for punishment's sake.

He is incapable of regarding the prison as the home of revenge. In his eyes punishment is but a means to an end, namely, the safeguarding of the community's interests. In other words, it is not the criminal we should consider in the restraint or correction which we impose, but society, poor outraged society, for which a little of the sympathy now lavished on the law-breaker might be reserved.

Before the problem is solved, it must be clearly understood. The professors of crime, as Sir Robert points out, are of two kinds. In the first place comes the helplessly weak or hopelessly wicked: the poor wretch who is sprung from a long line of criminals, and who is unable to resist the temptation which chance and his own sloth make inevitable. His conversion or improvement is impossible. The humanitarians can make nothing of him. The anthropologists think they have done their duty when they have fitted him with a label. He drifts from prison to prison aimlessly and endlessly. When he has done his stretch, he comes out for a brief interval to pilfer again, without skill or advantage. For though he does what injury to others his poor fumbling fingers permit him, he makes little profit for himself. He is the meanest pettifogger of crime, who has neither the invention to devise, nor the courage to carry out, a bold adventure. His one distinction is his incurability. He will steal as long as life is in him, and never steal more than enough to give himself a furtive meal. The worst of him is that, as he is the son, so he generally becomes the father of criminals, and through him the traditions of his pitiful race are dishonorably handed on. What shall be done with him? Sir Robert Anderson would isolate him in a criminal asylum. He would see that he did some useful work, and that he was prevented in the future from

levying his wretched toll upon his poverty-stricken neighbors. It is true that thus he would never become a voter and a citizen again. But we can easily spare him at the polling-booth, and there would be an enduring satisfaction in the knowledge that he could never do another injury to his fellows, and that he was effectually prevented from reproducing himself.

The second class is far more dangerous. It consists of those who pursue a career of crime with a full appreciation of its risks and a keen delight in its practice and its results. This class, small in number, grows in proficiency year by year. As Sir Robert Anderson tells us, while ordinary crimes against property are steadily decreasing, the crimes which exact skill and resolution increase enormously. It is an age of specialism, and it is not astonishing that the craftsman, trained in all the arts of burglary, should display a mastery unknown to his forefathers. He is born with a genius which could not find an outlet in a reputable profession. He respects his craft as becomes a practitioner of supreme attainments. Wealth is the ostensible end of his endeavor, but it is not the only end. If ever a man loved his art for its own sake, it is the efficient, highly-trained burglar or safe-blower. Proud of his achievement, he sacrifices everything to the proper conduct of his schemes. He is prudent and resourceful. Though he is a fervent believer in luck, he leaves nothing to chance; and he plans a raid upon a bank or a jeweller's shop with the same care as a great general bestows upon the plan of a campaign. Sir Robert Anderson has sketched this inverted hero with a fulness of knowledge, and his character is worth studying for the sake both of romance and of public safety.

He is not a ruffian in aspect or circumstances. Like other highly skilled artists, he has a full sense of his dig-

nity and importance. He insists upon comfort, and does not disdain luxury. He spends his week-ends at Brighton, and takes refuge at Monte Carlo from the rigors of an English winter. One curious proof of his care and self-indulgence is that he will not go to work in very cold weather. A hard frost and a thick fog are not incentives to robbery. The artist is unwilling to walk abroad when the thermometer is down to zero. The truth is, the least of his enterprises is deliberately organized. If it takes him two years to attain a triumph, he will wait in peace and grudge not the delay. Even when he does not execute his own designs, it is his mind which directs the operations of his subordinates. And in his enterprises a slip is fatal, as it is fatal in warfare. The rewards of success are great, but hardly commensurate with the ability and courage which it demands. The burglar, in brief, is a burglar as other men are painters, writers, or statesmen. He must be born with an unmistakable vocation; he must undergo a long apprenticeship; he must make himself master of much technical knowledge; and he must be bold enough to stake his freedom against the vigilance of the police. The only difference in the professions, as Sir Robert points out, is that "in the burglar's trade, success gives proof of greater proficiency than seems necessary in other lines."

But the criminal is not merely an artist. He is a keen sportsman as well. He knows better than most the pleasures of the chase. The danger of his work endears it to his avid mind. Not even the shooting of big game will give him a deeper thrill of excitement. Imagine him—his hand upon the treasure, his ear quick to catch the muffled step of the policeman. He is both hunter and hunted, and doubtless enjoys such a sensation of mixed pleasure and fear as is given

to few. Sir Robert explains this temper of his mind by an anecdote. "A friend of mine," he says, "the minister of a West End chapel in London, tells how, in his last visit to America, he preached in one of the larger jails, and after the service visited some of the prisoners in their cells. One case interested him especially, a man of good education and address, and seemingly of abilities fitted to command success in the world. My friend gave vent to his sincere distress at finding such a man in such a position, and was going on to 'improve the occasion,' when the prisoner cut in with the remark that he believed in England we are fond of fox-hunting. My friend, regarding it as a broad hint to change the subject, assented. 'And may I ask,' said his companion, 'when a man gets a fall, does he give up hunting?' And on getting the only possible answer to such a question, he added, 'I have had a bad fall, and no mistake, but I count on better luck next time.'" How shall such a marauder be cured? The sport calls aloud to him when he is shut up, and no sooner does he emerge again into the larger air of freedom than he is eager to turn cracksmen and win once more, in the full expression of his talent, wealth or the jail.

If the skill of the criminal remains constant, the means of his art change with the centuries. There was a time when the highway was his kingdom, when he sought guineas under the stars, and awoke the slumbering traveller with his familiar, raucous demand, "Your money or your life!" This indeed was the golden age of crime. The romance of the high-toby is imperishable. To bestride a well-bred mare and to carry a brace of pistols in your holster appeared of itself the action of a gentleman. No one could take to the road who had not something of the soldier's spirit or

training, and the profession received an enormous encouragement when the great Civil War had called the whole nation to arms. The disbanded soldiers, unsatisfied by the pursuits of peace, rode up and down England, hoping to fill their pockets at the expense of a Roundhead, and thus to flatter by a single act both greed and patriotism. They had, indeed, something more to help them than a vague desire of ill and easily gotten wealth. For the task which they put upon themselves they were perfectly equipped. And though their successors have changed their method, they still aim at a high level of accomplishment. If the marauders of to-day would attain a genuine success, they must be scientific as well as intrepid. They must learn a hundred lessons which their simpler ancestors neglected. Benson, one of the greatest criminals, whose prowess was a danger to property thirty years ago, knew all the benefits of education. He spoke foreign languages with elegance and accuracy. His refinement of manner and ease of approach enabled him to shine in all societies. To carry out a profitable fraud upon the turf, he arranged a complete newspaper of his own, gathered the news, and wrote the necessary articles with a cunning pen. Had he chosen, he could readily have distinguished himself in some cultured profession. He did not choose. To live on the cross was the first necessity of his nature, and much as he hated the restraints of prison, he was compelled by his evil genius to a career of shifts and chances directly he had paid toll for the last of his crimes. A still later expert, one Raymond, whom Sir Robert Anderson properly calls a Napoleon of crime, was Benson's superior in the variety and range of his enterprises. The plot which he devised for the theft of diamonds, worth £90,000, and which he carried out with a masterly

forethought and address, is unrivalled in our annals. Diamonds were habitually sent from Kimberley to the coast just in time to catch the mail steamer for Europe. Were the convoy delayed, the gems were locked up in the post office until the next steamer left the harbor. Raymond, profiting by a knowledge of those simple facts, visited the port of departure. He made friends with the postmaster, learned his habits, and took wax impressions of his keys. He then returned to Europe, leaving behind him a memory of pleasant manners and good fellowship. A few months later he was in Africa again, disguised and unknown. He made his way up country to the point where the diamonds had to be carried across a ferry on their way to the coast. Unshipping the chain of the ferry, he sent the boat down stream, and the next convoy of diamonds missed the mail. All that remained for Raymond to do was to unlock the safe in the post office and go off with the treasure, which, by a fine stroke of ironical humor, he presently sold to its rightful owners in Hatton Garden. This was Raymond's masterpiece, before which the well-advertised theft of the famous portrait by Gainsborough—another of his exploits—pales to insignificance.

We have said so much of the criminal's accomplishments, because they prove that the criminal is no common man. He is as rare as the poet. There are never many of his type and skill alive in the world. "A single prison," says Sir Robert, "would suffice to hold the entire gang of well-known professional criminals who now keep the community in a state of siege; and a single wing of any one of our jails would more than suffice for the band of outlaws who may be described as the aristocracy of crime in England." And even this is a liberal computation. The experts of crime are so few in

number, and the style of their operations is so well known, that those whose business it is to catch them are seldom at fault. What is wanted for the detection of crime is not the highly developed, inductive method popular in novels, but a full and accurate knowledge of living practitioners. When Sir Robert Anderson was intrusted with the protection of London, it was always "Old Carr," or "Wirth," or "Sausage," or "Shrimps," or "Quiet Joe," or "Red Bob," who was suspected of conspicuous crimes; and it may be said that the police in almost every case knew their man.

This being so, it looks as though the problem of safety were not insoluble. But the game of life is ever complicated by unexpected rules, and the criminal is freely given many loopholes of escape. Though the detectives may recognize the character of a crime and assign it to its perpetrator with the same accuracy which a highly trained connoisseur brings to the examination of a picture, the rule is that they may not make an arrest without such evidence as the law deems sufficient. Though they be sure of the truth, they cannot move unless they discover certain definite traces, which the culprits, perfectly conscious of their risks, most carefully destroy. That is one difficulty. The other is still worse. Suppose the criminal safely under lock and key; suppose him punished by the heaviest sentence the law can give him. It means no more than that he is out of work for a year or two. Imprisonment neither reforms nor intimidates him. The enforced reflection of a retired life no doubt sharpens his wits and quickens his fancy. No sooner has he recovered his nerves outside than he is making a fresh attack upon the community, and the community, with Scotland Yard to help it, is practically powerless. It must lose its money, and at the same time must

pay a heavy price for those whose duty it is, with tied hands, to keep the robber in check.

What is the best means of rendering the great criminals innocuous? Our forefathers, untroubled by the sentimentality of fadmongers, believed that the gallows was the safest deterrent. Dead men crack no cribs. The fearless highwayman and the artful clyfaker were not considered out of mischief until they had executed a dance without the music. It was a simple, efficient remedy; and were it revived to-day an immediate check would be put upon criminal enterprise. Sir James Stephen once stated his view of the question with the candor and honesty we expect from him. "If society," said he, "could make up its mind to the destruction of really bad offenders, they might, in a very few years, be made as rare as wolves; and that, probably, at the expense of a smaller sacrifice of life than is caused by many a shipwreck or colliery explosion." Society could never thus make up its mind. Stephen's counsel is a counsel of perfection. The law, diffident of itself, fears the irrevocable; and society, ten times softer-hearted than the law, pities the ruffian whom it catches in the act of theft, and fervently prays that he, poor soul, may come to no harm.

Sir Robert Anderson's method is more modest, and therefore more practical in these times than Sir James Stephen's. It is based, as he says, on the criminal's love of liberty—not on his fear of the gallows. In other words, Sir Robert would not permit a hardened, practised criminal of skill and courage to recover his freedom. He would keep him perpetually in prison, where he would have small scope for the exercise of his talents, and would grant him such relaxation as is not inconsistent with his safe custody. He would punish the crim-

inal, not the crime. A young or accidental offender he would send easily away if there were no ground for belief that he was a natural, intuitive robber. The expert, for whom crime was at once a sport and a profession, should never be given another chance for the display of his gifts. It is true that a great deal would be left to the intelligence of the Bench, if Sir Robert had his way. But there is no reason to suppose that the Bench would fail us. It would be asked to extend the field of its observation. It would be expected to discover the career and character of each man brought before it, and to decide whether or not he was fit ever to be restored to the common life of the country. For a while the prisons might be fuller than they are to-day. For a while only. When once the great organizers of crime were permanently shut up, their followers would lack initiative and would speedily dwindle in numbers. The worst is that sentiment still stands in the way of reform. We still are offered the sad spectacle of duchesses, incapable of understanding a grave problem, doing what harm they can by

Blackwood's Magazine.

visiting prisons and disturbing their inmates by an irrelevant sympathy. Such spectacles as this cannot make us hopeful of better things. The tears of a false mercy are likely to overwhelm the plain wisdom of Sir Robert Anderson. Yet it is in Sir Robert Anderson that the real humanity resides. He knows enough to reverence severity, and he is not afraid of the truth. If only his methods of isolating both the wastrel and the expert thief were adopted, we might at the same time protect the law-abiding community, which, after all, deserves some respect, and better the lot of the unhardened criminal. Nobody can take a sincere pride in our present system. "Our prison population," says Major Arthur Griffiths, the soundest of authorities, "may be classed in two grand divisions—those offenders who ought never to have been sent to prison at all, and those who ought never to be released." From whichever side you view it, it is not a satisfactory prospect, and the failure of the law is the more reprehensible because reform is easily within our reach.

## THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

### XX.

#### MISS MARIAMME

Colin was conscious of some nervousness as he walked up the avenue to the old gray country house in which lived the Miss Mariamme West of whom Anthony had spoken to him. It seemed a chance in a thousand that she should be Dr. Bowden's friend, and he hastily prepared some form of apology for intruding upon her. An old gray-headed, pompous-looking man-servant answered his ring. "Miss Mariamme West is at home—sir," he told him, adding the ti-

tle of respect with a perceptible hesitation and scanning of his person. Colin followed him into a quaint old-fashioned hall, and down a long passage so low and narrow that it seemed to have been built for dainty and fragile old ladies, and purposely fitted to exclude large masculine intruders who might stumble at any moment against the numerous pictures that hung from its sides, or upset the tiny flower-laden tables that filled little niches and angles here and there in the course of its length.

There was no one in the large low-

ceilinged drawing-room into which Colin was ushered, but an easy-chair drawn close to a bright fire seemed to suggest a recent occupant, while some knitted wool-work on a little table in front of it and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles seemed to have been only just laid down. Colin seated himself and looked about him with some slight trepidation. He had never been in a room of the same kind before. Its furniture was curious—very old, and covered in light-colored chintz. There was a high piano, a number of high-backed chairs, a quantity of china jars and bowls, from which came a sweet old scent—one beside him seemed to be filled with faded rose-leaves,—he had never seen them so preserved before. There were several windows looking out over a garden somewhat dreary during this winter season, though tall trees and evergreen shrubs redeemed it from desolation. On the walls were a number of pictures, one of which attracted his attention particularly. It was the portrait of a young girl—half child, half woman—caressing a dog and looking up with a smile on her lips, her hat falling back from her face. The artist had, to a wonderful extent, caught the airy grace of the face and figure. It was filled with some radiant fairy-like spiritual quality that captivated the young man's fancy and kept him looking at it till the door opened, and he rose to make as best he could an explanation of his presence.

The little lady in the gray gown and white shawl and lace cap, who came forward to greet him, was the girl of the portrait grown old, and he saw it at a glance. There was something radiant and spirit-full about her: she looked as fragile, and seemed to breathe a fragrance as sweet and delicate, as one of the rose-bowls she brushed with her gown.

"Have you come from the Mission,

my dear?" she said in a tiny soft voice, and holding out a mitten hand to her visitor.

Colin bowed low over it. "No," he stammered. "I must ask pardon for coming. It will require some explanation."

"I expected some one from the Mission," said the lady, in the same gentle little voice. "But I am very glad to see you. Perhaps you are one of our students? Will you sit down and tell me about it?"

Miss Mariamme seated herself in a great arm-chair, whose high walnut back framed her little old face daintily, and clasped her mitten hands together quaintly, as if in expectation. Something about her reminded the young man oddly of William. He felt it a little difficult to begin what he had to say, and, in truth, he was half ashamed to connect the vision that rose in his mind of Dr. Bowden with this beautiful old gentlewoman. When he mentioned Boronach she evidently did not know the place in the connection he hoped.

"Boronach," she repeated. "I used to know that name very well in my childhood. My mother had very old friends there, but they are all dead many years ago—long before you were born, Mr.—?"

Colin told her his name, and hurried on to say that he had been intrusted with a packet for a Miss Mariamme West by a dying gentleman who had lived there for many years, but that, as there was no address on the packet, he had not been able to find the lady, and had taken the liberty of—

The gentlewoman in the high-backed chair broke in upon his explanations. She seemed very much agitated.

"Who was it?" she asked. "You have not told me the name."

Colin told her. The old lady got up; her mitten hands were trembling; her voice shook.

"Will you give it to me?" she said.  
"It is meant for me."

Colin, too, had risen. He gave the packet into her hands, and would have taken leave of her at once, but she stopped him by a gesture.

"I beg of you to wait," she said.

She turned away from him for a moment, looking at what he had brought, her whole delicate frame shaken by her agitation; then she laid it upon the table and turned towards him again.

"Mr.—, Mr. Stewart," she said, her little flute-like voice still somewhat tremulous, "you will excuse me, I am sure. You have brought me news of a very old friend—a very dear friend—and I had not heard of his death. Will you sit down again for just a few moments and tell me about him?"

Colin obeyed, full of wonder, and not finding it very easy to tell much about Dr. Bowden. The little lady saw his difficulty very quickly.

"Do not be afraid to tell me," she said, her delicate face paling a little. "Our friend had a fault—a very terrible fault—I know that. I have seen a great deal of it, Mr. Stewart, in the poor places of our city, and I have learned not to—to turn away—from any for whom Christ died. So will you tell me quite frankly how it was with him? Some day, perhaps, I may tell you why I ask you to tell me all you can."

Her small face was eager and anxious, full of courage, too, of some ethereal, invincible sort, and at her appeal Colin's embarrassment disappeared, and he told her frankly and faithfully all that came to his mind about Dr. Bowden,—told her of his fits of repentance, of his struggles and failures, his moods of recklessness and gaiety, and then of the last winter in which he became a sober and altogether a different man,—of his sudden death, and of other things which he thought any

one who cared for the poor gentleman would like to hear. He told it in as few words as he could, and when he had finished the old lady's cheeks were softly flushed, and a kind of radiance played over her face.

"You have taken a great deal of trouble, my dear," she said in her tiny voice. "Would it be too much to ask you to come back another day and tell me a little more?"

"I should be very glad," returned Colin truthfully. This little old lady had altogether captured him: he felt that he would go a great distance to do her the smallest service.

"It would be a great kindness," she said; "and will you write your address for me on this sheet of paper, so that I may know where you are?"

When he had done so, she took his hand to say good-bye. "You were his friend too?" she said, looking up at him.

Colin said "Yea," and that Dr. Bowden had shown him great kindness.

"Death," said the old lady softly, "is a very small separation if we have the Christian hope, Mr. Stewart."

There was a little basket of keys and papers on the table beside her, and she took from it a tiny tract and gave it to the young man.

"Will you allow me to offer you this?" she said. "I have enjoyed it so much that I should like you to enjoy it too."

Colin thanked her, and bowed over her hand as if he were a pilgrim doing homage at a shrine; and when he got outside he put the leaflet, fragrant with rose leaves, away in his pocket-book, and kept it there for many a long day. He went back to the town aglow with admiration, full of wonder at the thought of Dr. Bowden and this saintly lady, and of what beauty and refinement and love his old friend must have flung away from him for that miserable life of exile in Boronach. Some-

thing in the delicate courage he had just seen shamed him, and he thought of Barabel and of his own young trouble. "I have been what—what she said," said poor Colin to himself at last. "I have been—a coward." He looked up, and now he seemed to be conscious all at once of a great Presence. "God helping me," he said to himself, "I will be that no longer." So in his own way, and from his own far country, Colin too arose and came back to his Father.

It was three or four years afterwards, when Admiral West, Miss Mariamme's brother, was staying at the Abbey House, as Miss Mariamme's house was called, and had come to know Colin, who was there a good deal, that the young fellow heard the whole story of Dr. Bowden. He was a son of Professor Bowden of Cambridge, and one of the most brilliant and popular men of his own time at the University. He drank a good deal even then, yet he succeeded in taking honors, and had begun to make a name for himself in his profession, when he became engaged to Miss Mariamme. Old Mr. Andrew West, who was M.P. for —shire, and very wealthy, never cared for him, and when he heard rumors of his reputation, wanted the engagement broken off. Miss Mariamme was an only daughter, and was idolized by all the family. The young man swore, with tears in his eyes, that he had reformed. Miss Mariamme believed him, and the old gentleman gave in, and then just three weeks before the day fixed for the marriage Dr. Bowden accidentally poisoned one of his patients, and it was discovered that he had not been in a condition at the time to know one drug from another. He never saw Miss Mariamme again. Mr. West would not hear his name mentioned to the day of his death. The miserable man went

down the hill rapidly, and finally settled in Boronach, as we know.

"He ruined her life," said the old Admiral, who after he knew of a certain connection with Colin to be mentioned presentiy, was very confidential with him. "The scoundrel! It was the most monstrous thing, sir. You don't know what she was—she might have married any one. She is an angel. She gave her life to doing good—you know her. And I believe she prayed for that vagabond every day these forty years, and perhaps her pure prayers won heaven for him—who knows?—who knows?—and he didn't deserve it, sir, and—and neither do any of us."

When Colin saw Antony again after his visit to the Abbey House, he heard a great deal of Miss Mariamme West: how the poor people of her district adored her, and how that little, fragile lady was absolutely fearless, and had the most extraordinary power over the worst and most violent men and women in the slums of the Cowgate.

"I haf seen her," said the little Jew, his face all admiration, "go into a room where dere was fighting, and stand between de vild creatures, and dey become like de lamb. She look like an angel straight down from heaven. I nevare saw any one like her. Eef all Christians were as she is, I would be convert myself—I would indeed so."

It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that Colin became a frequent visitor at the Abbey House. Miss Mariamme could not show enough kindness to the young fellow who had brought news to her of the man she had loved with a love hardly of this earth; and very curiously, when she came to know more of Colin's antecedents she discovered another link between them. Her mother had been a cousin of the General, Colin's great-grandfather, and as a young girl had stayed in Boro-

nach more than once; and Miss Mariamme had herself seen Mr. Alexander when she was a child, though she had not known of his having a son. This old tie gave her a great interest in the young man. She drew him out and welcomed him, and mothered him till the stately old house, little as he had been used to such places, became like home to him. Colin, on his part, would have done anything in the world for the exquisite old lady: he told her a great deal about Boronach, and about the humble condition to which his family had come, and in the days of his struggle she would greatly have liked to help him out of his difficulties. Rightly or wrongly, however, his Highland pride would not allow this, and he fought his own hard way through College, as so many of his countrymen have done before and since. What Miss Mariamme did for Colin could not be valued in gold. He ceased to look upon the world with a jaundiced eye, became less critical and

more tolerant and compassionate; his rage and indignation over wrong hardened into purpose. At College he came into kindlier relations with his fellow-students, and in his second year made one or two firm friends among them. Old ambitions returned to him, and he began to put zest into his work. Outwardly as well as inwardly the next few years made a great change in him, and here also he owed something to Miss Mariamme. The yellow homespun gave place to a garb less peculiar, and he became more at ease in his new world.

"Who is he?" asked Miss Daisy West, when he had been dining with a whole bevy of the old lady's nephews and nieces at the Abbey House. "He is so interesting. What old-fashioned manners he has, auntie! Is he very clever? I am half afraid of him. He is not in the least like anybody else."

"He is a very distant cousin of your own, my dear," said Miss Mariamme.

*Lydia Miller Mackay.*

(To be continued.)



#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S SOVEREIGNTY.\*

"To men of my age, this book is a revelation." The speaker was a man of thirty-two; highly educated; belonging to a political family; brother, son, and grandson of Members of Parliament. No one could have had better opportunities for learning the history of Queen Victoria's reign, and yet this selection from the Queen's letters was to him "a revelation." To us, who have the misfortune to be middle-aged, or the worse misfortune to be old, the

book seemed rather a confirmation and enlargement of what we knew before, than a revelation of what had been hitherto concealed. In brief, it proves that Queen Victoria was not merely a Crowned Head, but, in a very real and effective sense, a Sovereign; and that, alike in the minutest and the most extensive affairs of State, her influence was a factor which could never be disregarded.

Before we come to the evidences of this effective sovereignty which the Letters contain, a word should be said about the manner and method of the book. My only criticism is that it is "faultily faultless." The "Introductory Notes" prefixed to the successive

\* "The Letters of Queen Victoria." A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence between the years 1837 and 1861. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., and Viscount Esher, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W., 1867.

chapters are well-informed; the dates accurate; the footnotes sufficient but not redundant; and everything which could, by the utmost severity of judgment, have been deemed indiscreet has been rigidly excluded. This may be regarded as praise or as censure, according to the taste and fancy of the reader. For my part, I have always considered the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* the best biography in the language, because the biographer simply heaped together great masses of the Bishop's correspondence and journal, and left them to tell their own tale unhindered by scrupulosity and excision. Perhaps such a method of constructing biography is not discreet; but certainly it produces a very lifelike and human impression.

Mr. Benson and Lord Esher are men of more cautious mind than the Bishop's biographer; and yet even they have unbent a little in describing Queen Victoria's early days. They do not conceal the fact that she had, in her own phrase, a "rather melancholy childhood." The young Princess was sedulously trained by her widowed mother for the position which awaited her; but the home was dull, and the regimen austere. "I was brought up very simply—never had a room to myself till I was nearly grown up—always slept in my mother's room till I came to the throne." Princess Feodore, the Duchess of Kent's daughter by her first marriage, wrote to her sister Victoria in later years about "that dismal existence of ours." "I," she added, "escaped some years of imprisonment, which you, my poor darling sister, had to endure after I was married." The domestic system suggested by these vigorous words would seem to have been pre-eminently ill-fitted to the temperament and nature of the young Princess. It is evident that she was a peculiarly healthy, vigorous, and active child; delighting in

horses and dogs and riding and the open air; and much fonder of fun and dancing than of lessons and lectures and constitutional walks. She "baffled every attempt to teach her," even her letters, till she was five years old; and she never became a bookworm. She found Russell's *Modern Europe* "very interesting," but thought Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* "drily written." According to Lord Melbourne, she "spoke German well, and wrote it; understood Italian; spoke French fluently, and wrote it with great elegance"; and the rest of her education she "owed to her own natural shrewdness and quickness."

So the carefully-guarded but not pleasurable girlhood passed, until the fateful month of May, 1837, when the Princess attained her legal majority, and William IV lay adying. On the 16th of June she wrote to her uncle, King Leopold: "You know, of course, how *very ill* the King is: it may *all be over at any moment*, and yet *may last a few days*. Consequently, we have not been out anywhere in public since Tuesday 6th, and since Wednesday all my lessons are stopped."

Never were a young lady's lessons "stopped" so decisively. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of June, the Princess was called out of bed, and told that she was Queen. An extract from her journal for the day is worth quoting: "Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfil my duty towards my country. I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all, things inexperienced; but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." There speaks an honest, unaffected, and self-reliant nature; and the promise of eighteen was made good in a reign of sixty-three years.

The counsels addressed by King Leo-

pold to his niece when she took up the burden of sovereignty were conspicuously sagacious; and, as the sequel shows, they did not fall on unheeding ears. "The irksome position in which you have lived will have the merit to have given you the habit of *discretion* and *prudence*, as in your position you never can have too much of either." "Be courageous, firm, and honest, as you have been till now." "Avoid to say much about your *youth* and *inexperience*." "I should advise you to say, as often as possible, that you were *born* in England. George III 'gloried' in this, and, as none of your cousins were born in England, it is your interest *de faire reporter cela fortement*." "Avoid quarrels, but also stick firmly to your resolution when once taken. Keep up your usual cool spirit, whatever may be tried to tease you out of it." "Begin by taking everything as the King leaves it. . . . Parties, which at present are so nearly balanced, remain in *statu quo*, and you gain time."

The story of the next two years is one of the most interesting passages in Queen Victoria's long and eventful life. Its opening has all the charm of vivid and striking contrast. Behind is the restrained and disciplined girlhood, in which a strong and active nature is perpetually, is incessantly kicking against the pricks of a coercion not too gently applied. Before lies a period of unfettered liberty, of ever-fresh enjoyment, and of power which it was a delight to exercise. No girl of eighteen ever stood in so perilous a position; and, as we know from the Queen's own writing, she regretted in maturer life the thoughtlessness of those early days. Yet, as we follow the narrative, we trace the development of a character more than commonly distinctive, and marked from the outset by attributes which colored the whole succeeding reign. There is the same

strong *joie de vivre*; the same frank enjoyment of nature and society and rational amusement. "I am *very* well, sleep well, and dine every evening in the country." "I have been out riding every day for about three hours, which quite renovates me." "I have very pleasant large dinner-parties every day." "I have been dancing till past four o'clock this morning." "I have resumed my singing-lessons with La-blache, twice a week, which form an agreeable recreation in the midst of all my business. I have been learning many of your old favorites, which I hope to sing with you when we meet." "After being so very long in the country, I was preparing to go out in right earnest, whereas I have only been twice to the play since our return. However, we are to have another dinner-to-morrow, and are going to the play and opera. After Easter, I hope I shall make amends for all this solitariness." This faculty of innocent enjoyment marked the Queen's whole life, and to it must be added the same warmth of domestic affection, the same faithfulness in friendship, the same cheerful reliance on Divine guidance and protection.

But there is one trait in the young Queen's character, which, as bearing on the work of sovereignty, claims more than a passing mention. In the first hours of her reign, her sense of power and love of exercising it caught the notice of experienced observers like Charles Greville; and they appear in every page of these Letters. There is no hesitation, no doubt, no uncertainty. Each point as it arises is promptly decided, and it is evident that each decision is regarded as final. Thus, on the morning of the accession: "At nine came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and of course quite alone, as I shall *always* do to all my Ministers." Three weeks later: "The Queen has seen the Lord Chamberlain, and

has given him all her orders." No detail, however small, escapes her scrutiny. She gives commands about the Royal Standard on the Round Tower at Windsor, about the riding horses in the Queen Dowager's stable; and she makes even the beloved Melbourne feel her annoyance when some trifling appointment has been made without her sanction first sought and obtained. When Sir Robert Peel wishes to remove the Whig Ladies of the Bedchamber, the Queen writes: "Sir Robert Peel has behaved very ill, and has insisted on my giving up my Ladies, to which I replied that I never would consent, and I never saw a man so frightened. . . . I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and great firmness. The Queen of England will not submit to such trickery." Five days later, to King Leopold: "You will easily imagine that I firmly resisted this attack upon my power. I acted quite alone, but I have been, and shall be, supported by my country, who are very enthusiastic about it, and loudly cheered me on going to Church on Sunday."

It is obvious that this authoritative temper, early developed and favored by all surrounding circumstances, might easily have led the young Sovereign into constitutional difficulties. Before she had been on the throne two months, Greville wrote in his diary: "In the midst of all her propriety of manner and conduct, the Queen begins to exhibit slight signs of a peremptory disposition, and it is impossible not to suspect that, as she gains confidence and as her character begins to develop, she will evince a strong will of her own." And two years later he described her letter about the Ladies of the Bedchamber as "written in a strain such as Elizabeth might have used." "It is," he added, "a high trial to our institutions when the wishes of a Prin-

cess of nineteen can overturn a great ministerial combination."

Reviewing six years later the events of 1839, Disraeli lamented that the Conservative leader should have set himself in opposition to the personal wishes of "a youthful Princess, whose appearance touched the imagination, and to whom her people were generally inclined to ascribe something of that decision of character which becomes those born to command." That the "strong will," the "peremptory disposition," and the "decision of character," which these shrewd observers noted, were schooled into the strictest accordance with constitutional propriety, was due to the sagacious and fascinating personality of Lord Melbourne. When the Queen came to the throne, she had no politics. The politicians whom the Duchess of Kent invited to Kensington made no great impression on the Princess, though she found Palmerston "pleasant and amusing." She thought Melbourne "a straightforward, honest, clever, and good man"; and had a friendly feeling for "poor little Lord John Russell." But she "did not belong to any party"; and the influence of King Leopold was distinctly in a Conservative direction. The ascendancy of Melbourne, which dates from the Queen's accession, though political in its effects was personal in its origin. Melbourne was now in his fifty-ninth year, brilliantly handsome, a man of the world, and the soul of honor. "His temperament was sympathetic, he had a passion for society, and he had no one of his own to love." He seems to have felt intensely the responsibility for forming the young Queen's political thought and action, which had devolved upon him as Prime Minister at the time of her accession. Though reputed the easiest-going and most careless of men, he devoted his whole life and all his rich array of social gifts to this new function. He "slid by de-

grees into an office without a name, which combined in itself the duties of private secretary and tutor." When the Court was at Buckingham Palace he visited the Queen daily; and when it moved to Windsor, he moved with it, and lived for months at a stretch in the Castle.

"He is at the Queen's side," wrote Greville, "for at least six hours a day—an hour in the morning, two on horseback in the afternoon, one at dinner, and two in the evening. . . . His manner to her is perfect, always respectful, and never presuming upon the extraordinary distinction he enjoys; hers to him is simple and natural, indicative of the confidence she reposes in him, and of her lively taste for his society." A not less close observer was Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop, who described Melbourne's behavior to the Queen as "perfect—the fullest attentive deference of the subject, with a subdued air of 'your father's friend' that was fascinating; and the pleasure which lighted up her countenance was quite touching."

It is difficult to be sure whether Melbourne was fully aware of the influence which he exercised on the young Queen's thinking. Though an exceedingly moderate politician, as averse as man could be from violent reforms or desperate counsels, Melbourne was a sound Whig. He knew the practice and working of the Constitution as established by the revolution of 1688, and he could instruct his royal pupil with authority on the prerogatives of the Crown, the powers of Parliament, and the liberties of the subject. That he was careful to instil these constitutional principles we know; it is not so certain whether he deliberately sought to involve the Queen in the meshes of party, and used his unique position to promote the official interests of the Whigs. But whatever Melbourne's intention may

have been, there can be no doubt about the result. The Queen, who had always respected him, learned to love him, to lean on his advice in every detail, to share his opinions on all political topics, and in effect to make his cause her own. When Tory opposition to the Whig Ministry shows signs of abatement, she regards the Lords as "become moderate and reasonable." The General Election of 1837 proves favorable to the Whigs, "though not quite so much as we could wish." "We shall have as good a House as we had." "The Irish Elections are very favorable to us." "We have no fear. . . . The Duke of Wellington is behaving uncommonly well, going with Ministers, and behaving as an honest man should do." The list of Whigs in the House of Commons is "the list of our supporters." The Tories are "those people who pride themselves upon upholding the Prerogative." To entrust Peel with the formation of a Ministry is to "have to take people whom I should have no confidence in." On another occasion she is "very irate with the Tories," and is only with difficulty persuaded by Melbourne to "hold out the olive branch a little."

In 1841, Parliament was dissolved, the Whig Government thus, as Lord Shaftesbury amiably said, "hiding their own hoary profligacy under the Queen's young virtue." The General Election gave the Tories a majority of eighty, and precipitated the inevitable parting between Queen and Premier. Three years before, Greville had written: "If Melbourne should be compelled to resign, the Queen's privation will be the more bitter on account of the exclusiveness of her intimacy with him." On the 30th of August, 1841, the Queen wrote: "What the Queen felt when she parted from her dear, kind friend Lord Melbourne is better imagined than described." On Melbourne's retirement Sir Robert Peel be-

came Prime Minister. In 1839, the Queen had found him a "cold, odd man," "couldn't make out what he meant," and "didn't like his manner—how different, how dreadfully different, to that frank, open, natural, and most kind, warm manner of Lord Melbourne." Yet in 1846, when Peel, having been Prime Minister for five years, was driven from office, she wrote to King Leopold: "Yesterday was a very hard day for me. I had to part with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who are irreparable losses to us and the country. . . . We felt so safe with them. The discretion of Peel, I believe, is unexampled. . . . I am a good deal overcast by all these tribulations."

This contrast between the language of 1846 and that of 1839 and even of 1841, is noteworthy. It exhibits for the first time what was afterwards so conspicuously seen in the cases of Lord Beaconsfield and John Bright—the Queen's readiness to dismiss past grievances, to overcome prejudices, to reconsider hasty judgments, and to bestow her entire confidence on Ministers, even if not personally attractive to herself, who were sincerely devoted to the interests of the State. But, in the case of Sir Robert Peel, the Queen's natural magnanimity was reinforced by a persuasive power. The editors of these Letters describe her as "almost typically feminine." Confident, in a sense, she was; but "she had the feminine instinct strongly developed of dependence upon some manly adviser." Between 1837 and 1840 this "manly adviser" was Lord Melbourne: from the 10th of February, 1840, onwards, Prince Albert. No happier choice could have been made. The Prince was extremely handsome, highly intelligent, excellently accomplished; and he was a man of singularly pure and lofty character. The marriage was, as all the world knows, ideally happy. "Happy marriages," said Mr. Glad-

stone, "are rather the rule among us than the exception; but even among happy marriages this marriage was exceptional, so nearly did the union of thought, heart, and action both fulfil the ideal, and bring duality near to the borders of identity. Not uncommonly, the wife is to the husband as the adjective is to the substantive. And beyond doubt the great faculties and comprehensive accomplishments of Prince Albert fully entitled him to claim a husband's place. But the husband's place was in this case modified by the position. The Prince exactly appreciated the demands of the throne upon its occupant, and the consequential demands of his wife upon himself. He saw that it was his duty to live in, for, and through her, and he accepted with a marvellous accuracy of intellectual apprehension, and with an unswerving devotion of his heart, this peculiarly relative element in a splendid existence. . . . He was to her, in deed and truth, a second self."

This description of the Queen's married life in its personal and domestic aspects is fully borne out by the various volumes in which from time to time she admitted her subjects to the knowledge of her private joys and sorrows. But these Letters for the first time reveal what had been previously guessed about the Prince's strong and increasing influence on his wife's sovereignty. So large a part of a sovereign's business consists in the appreciation of human character, that personal likings and antipathies must count for much in the constitution and the stability of governments. It was, therefore, a matter of no small moment that, when the young and inexperienced Queen disliked Sir Robert Peel, and felt herself made shy and awkward by his shyness and awkwardness, "his character was particularly sympathetic to the Prince," whom she so entirely trusted. The editors

tell us that "of all the English Ministers with whom he was brought in contact, he preferred the stately and upright Commoner" and this preference, imperceptibly but most effectively, changed the Queen's relations with her second Prime Minister. It is recorded, to Melbourne's honor, that though, after his retirement from office, he still, and with doubtful prudence, continued to correspond with the Queen, he "tried to augment, rather than undermine, Peel's growing influence with the Queen and Prince."

It certainly can surprise no one to hear that the Queen's judgment on public men and public affairs was swayed by the Prince Consort; but perhaps the extent to which the Prince himself was swayed by Stockmar has never been shown so clearly as in these Letters. Stockmar was a German doctor, who had come to England as private physician to Prince Leopold, husband of Princess Charlotte, and afterwards King of the Belgians. From physician he became private secretary, and on King Leopold's recommendation he returned to England on the Queen's accession, and remained here for fifteen months "in an unofficial capacity as her chief adviser." The editors tell us that "there was a general feeling of dislike in the minds of the English public to the German influences that were supposed to be brought to bear upon the Queen; and Lord Melbourne found it necessary to make a public and categorical denial of the statement that Stockmar was acting as the Queen's private secretary. But the statement, if not technically, was virtually true. Stockmar lived at Court, had interviews with the Queen and her Ministers; and, though he industriously endeavored to efface himself, yet there is no doubt that he was consulted on most important questions." Of these by far the most im-

portant was the projected marriage of Queen Victoria. She had displayed some fondness for her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg; and Stockmar was entrusted with a very delicate and peculiar task: "He was asked by King Leopold to accompany Prince Albert on a tour in Italy, with the idea of completing his education, and in order to satisfy himself that the Prince would be a worthy Consort for the Queen." This task he performed with such conspicuous skill and judgment that, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "the whole narrative recalls the most graceful fictions of wise *genii* and gentle fairies, besetting mortals with blessings, and blissing their fates to bliss."

It was inevitable that such a guide, philosopher and friend as Stockmar had shown himself to be, should retain a strong ascendancy over the mind of the Prince whose fortunes he had so beneficently guided; and this ascendancy the Baron was careful to maintain by constant correspondence and frequent visits. He seemed to have formed the Prince's thinking habits, just as the Prince in turn formed those of Queen Victoria; and this fact gives importance to the Baron's own convictions. "Stockmar," say the editors, "had jealously nursed two profound political ideals—the unity of Germany under Prussia, and the establishment of close relations between Germany and England." Had the Baron confined his attention to these two topics, he would have played an altogether useful part; but, unluckily, he considered himself a capital authority on the principles and working of the British Constitution, and his doctrine on these vital points sank deep into the mind of his royal pupil. He dreaded, as a German bureaucrat who had "graduated at the Congress of Vienna," was bound to dread, the advancing forces of Democracy; and he was persuaded

that the only method of withstanding them was to insist, with all possible tenacity, on the existing prerogatives of the Crown, and, in those spheres of action where they are regulated, not by statute but by tradition, to extend them as far as circumstances would allow. In 1854 he wrote, for the guidance of the Queen and the Prince, a constitutional dissertation of which Mr. Gladstone said that "a congeries of propositions stranger in general result never was amassed in order to explain to the unlearned the more mysterious lessons embraced in the study of the British Monarchy."

The doctrine to which the Baron clung with special tenacity was that the Sovereign should be practically Premier, and this, as Mr. Gladstone showed,<sup>1</sup> was wholly subversive of the theory of the Cabinet. The lesson was given in good faith, but it was founded in error, and it was only too faithfully learnt. "Much," as the editors observe, "of the jealousy that was felt, on various occasions, at the position which Prince Albert assumed with regard to political situations, is referable to Stockmar's influence." The bulk of these three substantial volumes is occupied with Queen Victoria's exercise of sovereignty between 1841 and 1861; and, throughout those twenty years, her sovereignty was, in all but name, shared by the Prince Consort.

The present writer once heard from Lord Shaftesbury, who received it direct from Melbourne, that the Queen wished to confer the Crown Matrimonial, by Act of Parliament, on the Prince; and that Melbourne resisted the proposal with the impressive reminder that "if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, they may get into the way of unmaking them." That this is substantially true is shown by a memorandum which the Queen wrote in

1856; and though, on full consideration of all the circumstances, the title of King Consort was withheld, the Prince's active position and powers were scarcely less than those of a King Regnant. As Lord Aberdeen observed, at a time when the Prince was publicly accused of improper interference in the work of sovereignty, "The ties of Nature and the dictates of common sense are more powerful than constitutional fictions." Meanwhile, Stockmar's influence was constantly at work; and, in considering the words and acts of the Crown during the period before us, we are really considering the joint handiwork of the Queen, the Prince, and their unrecognized but ever-active counsellor. Even if there were no external evidence to guide us, the most casual reader must perceive the difference of tone and touch between the letters of the unmarried and of the married Queen. The earlier letters are eager, impulsive, even, if such a word be permissible, headlong; expressing every thought that comes uppermost without concealment or circumlocution; and often too impetuous to be bound by the rules of syntax. Where official style requires the third person, Nature breaks into the first.

From 1841 the style of these royal letters begins to change. More pointed or more sensible they could not be; but they become increasingly precise, measured, and dignified. They disclose a singularly penetrating mind, which pierces sophistries and flummery; and a natural turn for argument which can perceive the force of a logical contention even when it proceeds from an opponent. As an instance of this last trait, we may cite an incident which occurred at the end of 1851. Lord Palmerston had just been dismissed from the Foreign Office, and the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, while justifying the dismissal on the

<sup>1</sup> "Gleanings of Past Years," Vol. I. p. 87.

ground that Palmerston had "violated prudence and decorum," offered him the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. Palmerston promptly replied that, by making this offer, the Premier practically refuted his own charges, inasmuch as the Lord-Lieutenancy required prudence and decorum for the fulfilment of its duties. On this the Queen, though highly indignant at Palmerston's conduct, yet remarks that "he certainly has the best of the argument"; and sagaciously adds that "great care ought to be taken in bestowing praise on him, as he always takes advantage of it to turn against those who meant it merely to soothe him."

To enumerate the subjects with which these Letters deal would be to recapitulate the domestic and foreign history of England for twenty years. So far as public issues are concerned, the facts have long been before the world; but the Queen's correspondence with King Leopold, with the Royal Family of France, with Napoleon III, with Stockmar, and with her own Ministers reveals a private but most effective exercise of sovereignty, of which the contemporary public was wholly unaware, and which has not even yet been adequately realized.

The range of topics handled is absolutely unlimited. It reaches from "great issues, good or bad, for human kind"—alliances and treaties, wars and preparations for war; freedom and authority, vengeance and mercy—down to the color of a soldier's uniform and the sporting rights in the New Forest. Every appointment, from the highest to the lowest, every mark of honor, every public recognition, is submitted to the Crown for approval or rejection. The claims of a clergyman to be a bishop or a dean are as carefully examined as those of a politician to be admitted to the Cabinet, or of an officer to obtain command of a regiment. The distribution of a medal or the de-

sign of a coin—the bestowal of an Order or the creation of a Peerage—is weighed as carefully as the wording of a despatch which may kindle an European conflagration. In every act of Government, momentous or insignificant, the Crown appears as an active power, vigilant, formidable, and not seldom decisive.

This wide yet minute survey of the State, in all its parts and functions, was concentrated, so to say, on the domain of Foreign Affairs. The intensity and alertness of the personal interest with which the Queen follows every act of every foreign government, and every incident in the life of every European prince, strikingly exemplifies the statement (recorded elsewhere) of Lord Aberdeen. "George IV was indolent, but he always read important papers, especially Foreign Affairs. But that is always the case—the Foreign Affairs are what interest them—they concern the Family of Princes." That old-fashioned phrase, "the Family of Princes," gains a fresh significance from Queen Victoria's letters. To every *Sire et cher Frère* in Europe she addresses herself always with confidence, stately courtesy, often with unmistakable affection, with perfect facility, and on occasion with that tinge of dignified resentment which befits a "Family Quarrel." Not less clearly is this sense of regal kinship manifested in her dealings with her Ministers at home and her representatives abroad. At every turn she studiously upholds the dignity, and consults the convenience, of Crowned Heads. Even when they are most flagrantly in the wrong she will not suffer them to be treated cavalierly. Every despatch, every note, intended for their eyes must be read and sanctioned by the Queen before it goes; and in every case of political upheaval she is carefully on her guard lest England should encourage movements hostile to the ex-

tablished order. It would be ungracious and untrue to say that the Queen and the Prince favored despotic governments; but they could never be brought to accept the doctrine that England should, directly or indirectly, encourage nations which wished to modify their form of government, or to rid themselves of obnoxious dynasties.

It was this over-mastering interest in Foreign Affairs which, as these Letters show, brought the Crown into frequent, and at times acrimonious, conflict with its Confidential Servants. With Melbourne, no such difficulties—nor any difficulty—could arise; for the relation of the Queen to him was that of pupil to teacher—almost of child to father. Peel cared comparatively little for Foreign Affairs. He was essentially a domestic Minister, and, being in close accord with the Queen and the Prince on fiscal policy and administrative government, he was well content to keep aloof from foreign entanglements. Lord Aberdeen, schooled in the principles of the Holy Alliance, and Liberal only in the one article of Free Trade, was the last man in the world to occasion disquietude by a too aggressive championship of Freedom. Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, are little more than names in the period with which we are dealing. The interest of the situation turns on the relations of the Crown to the two statesmen whom it was the fashion to call "the old Italian Masters"—Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. With neither of these eminent men were the relations of the Crown harmonious; but the discord expressed itself differently in the two cases of two very different men. Palmerston was a man of immense but restrained ambition, far-seeing, adroit, not very scrupulous, and pre-eminently endowed with a sort of prompt and cocksure courage, which some people, according to their prepos-

session, might call Irish, some Cockney; and which others might think the characteristic of a Public School boy, untimously displayed by a politician of sixty. He was one of the most masterful of men; and, when entrusted with the Foreign Office, he would brook no interference. His loyalty to the Crown which he served through a long life-time cannot be doubted; but it chafed him to think that, when ostensibly dealing with the Queen, he was really dealing with Prince Albert and Stockmar.<sup>2</sup> He ignored the Prime Minister, and despised his colleagues; and his personal bearing towards the Queen, as disclosed in this correspondence—his constant forgetfulness of her commands, his obvious stratagems to counterwork her purpose, and his impudent excuses for breaches of courtesy or duty—is difficult to reconcile with the traditional conduct of English gentlemen.

But, with all his faults—and they were neither few nor insignificant—Palmerston was a genuine lover of freedom and self-government. Even the act which produced his downfall in 1851—his independent condonation of the *Coup d'Etat*—seems to have been dictated by a mistaken conviction that the President was really carrying into effect the national will of France. This was a blunder, and a bad one; but, taking Europe as a whole, Palmerston vigorously served the cause of Freedom, and nowhere so conspicuously as in Italy. The lovers of Despotism all over the world detested his name; and it was a real misfortune that his high-handed and discourteous methods effectually alienated the Queen and the Prince from the causes which he espoused. The other of "the old Italian Masters" was as unlike Palmerston

<sup>2</sup> We now know (see Vol.II of the Letters, p. 315) that the Queen's famous memorandum on the duties of the Foreign Secretary in the matter of despatches was dictated by Stockmar.

in temperament and character as can well be conceived, and not wholly in accord with him in politics, for Lord John Russell was from first to last an advocate for those further extensions of the Franchise which Palmerston steadily opposed. But in their love of Liberty and of Constitutional Government they were at one; and both saw that Italy stood pre-eminently in need of those two great boons of civil life. Lord John's methods were quite unlike Palmerston's. He was a gentleman to his fingers' tips; courteous in address, punctilious in form and ceremony; calm, deliberate, and unostentatious. But in his persistent adhesion to a cause once chosen he was not surpassed by Palmerston himself; and his plain-speaking to the Crown about the popular basis of the English State, and the right of a nation to choose its own rulers, had the true ring of historic Whiggery. The deliverance of Italy from an effete and ignominious tyranny was as dear an object to Russell as to Palmerston; and it was characteristic of the true-born Whig that, when upholding the cause of Italy, "rightly struggling to be free," he urged upon the Queen's attention "the doctrines of the Revolution of 1688," and the opinions of Mr. Fox and Lord Grey. "According to those doctrines," he said, "all power held by Sovereigns may be forfeited by misconduct, and each nation is the judge of its own internal government. Lord John Russell can hardly be expected to abjure those opinions, or to act in opposition to them." That letter was written in January 1860, and the reconstruction of Italy to which it relates is the last

The Albany Review.

great act in European affairs with which these volumes deal. Before two years had passed, the Prince Consort was in his grave; and his death had opened a new chapter in our domestic history. Thenceforward the Queen stood, of necessity, alone; and, when the next instalment of her letters is published, it will be intensely interesting to see the effect produced by that overwhelming calamity upon her way of exercising sovereignty. In one respect, at any rate, we can anticipate disclosures. Mr. Gladstone always maintained that the removal of the Court from London, rendered necessary by the Queen's altered way of life, had immensely diminished the control of the Crown over public affairs, by withdrawing the details of daily business from the personal privacy of the Sovereign. "It was one thing," he used to say, "to seek an audience at Buckingham Palace: quite another to seek it at Windsor, or Osborne, or Balmoral." There is good reason to believe that the return of the Court to the capital has done much to restore that constant and unhampered intercourse of Sovereign and Ministers which tends so powerfully to promote the easy working of our Constitutional System.

The enormous and anxious labor bestowed upon the production of these volumes has not been thrown away, if it has served to remind a restless generation of this salutary but sometimes forgotten truth—"The Government of the world is conducted by Sovereigns and Statesmen; not by anonymous paragraph-writers, or the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

George W. E. Russell.

## OVER NIAGARA—AND AFTER?

Readers of the financial articles in this Review during the last five or six years will not have been unprepared for the events that are now taking place in the money markets of the world. The elements for producing grave disturbance have been for long very much in evidence. There was really no difficulty in foreseeing them; the warning was writ so large on the wall that he who ran might read. Unfortunately most people have run and very few have read, for when figures loom on the horizon skipping begins. What is wanted is careful watching of the tendencies of affairs with intent to form an "intelligent appreciation of events before they occur," or, put more simply, "commonsense forethought." The chief reason now for looking backward is to get some help in looking forward. A couple of years ago, in a tiny volume,<sup>1</sup> I republished a short series of papers, all of which originally appeared in this Review (except one in the *Times*), wherein I have touched on various matters which seemed to me to give very serious subject for thought, but as I cannot assume that many of my present readers have read this volume, and as I may fairly assume that any who have read it have by this time forgotten its contents, I will summarize the whole gist of it on "half a sheet of note-paper." And the gist is this. In my view the whole financial trouble all over the world is due to extravagance; governmental extravagance, business extravagance, personal extravagance. And these are all interdependent. Three in one and one in three, if I may so phrase it. There is no mystery about it, and it is not due to Mr. Roosevelt or to the present government in Eng-

land, although they have both said things which would much better have been left unsaid, if the speakers had realized that the Rapids were swirling just beneath their canoe. There is a time for everything, and this is not the time to tell people to "eat, drink and be merry, because everything in English trade is on the topmost pinnacle of prosperity." Irrational optimism is even more to be deprecated than irrational pessimism, because the great majority of people always wish to dwell on the pleasant aspects of affairs. The "Bull" is a much more common animal than the "Bear," and he is more dangerous too. The plain truth of the situation is that governments, and individual men and women all over the world—from China to Peru—now deal light-heartedly in figures and in risks that would have turned gray the hair of any previous generation. The scale everywhere has increased abnormally in everything, particularly during the last ten or fifteen years. For a normal increase we must be of course prepared. But have the brains increased correspondingly, or have legitimate profits in business increased correspondingly? I am afraid not. Any one who keeps open eyes must be aware that in the United States, in Great Britain, in Germany, in Italy, in Paris, in Vienna, in Egypt, in the Argentine, and in Canada, there has been a recklessness in expenditure, and in speculation, never known before; and in my opinion this is to a great extent the result of unprecedented facilities for borrowing, the natural consequence of unprecedented production of gold which is the basis of all credit. There is too much competition for business amongst the banks, and consequently too much accommodation, and as we used to say

<sup>1</sup> "The Rake's Progress in Finance." Blackwood, 1905. Price 2s.

In Wall Street many years ago, "early information and bank accommodation will ruin any man." Let the smart ladies, too, who are so often seeking Stock Exchange "tips" ponder this aphorism. They might just as well expect to make an honest income by backing horses, and the immorality of gambling, whether on the Stock Exchange, on the racecourse, or on the football field (amongst the lower classes), is invariably accompanied by other immoralities, for they are all the natural brood of the wanton Dam-Extravagance.

The rake in finance begins his progress with the desire to get rich too fast, he goes on to spend more than he can legitimately make, and that necessitates borrowing to extend a business for which he has neither sufficient capital nor sufficient brains, with the natural result that, sooner or later, grave financial trouble ensues.

Cannot the rake be reformed? Surely. Experience, however, teaches us that a radical reform seldom takes place except under the scourge of that terrible teacher—Calamity.

The trouble is that he will never listen to advice in time, even from persons whom he knows to be his best and most disinterested friends. He always cries "pessimist," and says it is "so distasteful to look into his balance sheet," and it very often is distasteful—there are no two words about that. From the poor rake's point of view, too, it may be very readily admitted that in this complicated world there are immense, incalculable elements tending to waste of capital, such as wars, earthquakes, fires, famines, shortage of crops, all of which greatly add to the difficulties of the situation and precipitate the rake's progress, though it is merely a question of landing him at his destination a little sooner rather than a little later, because he has deliberately set his course

towards "the falls" with the determination to act recklessly instead of prudently, and although the other circumstances above mentioned may shove him along a little faster, he will anyhow rush into the rapids, from his own momentum, and then escape is difficult.

Now, having finished my "half sheet of note-paper," I hope that I have furnished myself and my reader with the springing-board for a dive, and then we may come up again for the—"After." For our real object now should be to try to learn something from what is taking place under our eyes in order to safeguard ourselves for the future. What is done is done, the *consequences* are the important consideration.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, the most pressing matter to look into is our banking reserve of gold. In a letter published in the *Times* of the 22nd of November, 1905, I suggested a "Council of Bankers Defence" on the same lines as the "Council of Imperial Defence," and in passing we may take note that our finance is really our *first* line of defence, as was very lucidly demonstrated in a thoughtful article by Sir Robert Giffen in the last August number of this Review.

Now, in the New York storm, every one will have noticed that such a council of bankers was at once seen to be imperatively necessary. But it is much better to have it in working order before the storm actually breaks, for in that case the salvage machinery is ready for instant application. Even supposing, however, that we in England escape from any devastating after-effect of this particular storm, such a council of experts would fulfil a very useful and necessary function by ascertaining and explaining why it is that England, the financial center of the world, owns less gold than any other great country. And they might also attempt to arrive at estimates

from time to time of the amount of cash that could be instantly demanded from London by foreign countries compared with the cash that could be instantly demanded by London from foreign countries. In the August, 1906, number of this Review there was an article of mine on the "malaise of the money market" (not included in my little volume because written a year after its publication), in which I endeavored to deal with the gold question. If I am right in believing that the people of this country have command over no more gold to-day than they could command five and thirty years ago (I speak of gold actually belonging to Englishmen, and not counting gold deposited on call here by foreigners), then we ought to try to find out the reason why. Here again I think we shall be driven back to the original explanation—extravagance. Our imports of commodities go on increasing by leaps and bounds. What does this leaping and bounding indicate? In great part, extravagance. No doubt it is true that our exports go on increasing by still greater leaps and bounds. What does that indicate? In great part, other people's extravagance. We ought to insist that the figures be exhaustively analyzed by capable experts, because at present the inferences drawn from them are wholly chaotic, no two people having the same ideas as to what they really portend. Nay, sometimes the same man draws absolutely divergent inferences from the same figures. For instance, I may cite a writer on finance, a very capable, thoughtful and well-qualified writer, too, who dilates in one article on the enormously dangerous strain on capital owing to the frenzied expansion of credit all over the world, and in another article in the same paper chortles over the amazing increases in our British im-

ports and exports because—"they show the inestimable benefit of Free Trade"! But surely these violent increases in the imports and the exports are mainly in consequence of this very expansion of credit. They are not separate phenomena; they are identical phenomena. Frenzied expansion of credit is frenzied expansion of imports and exports. If you have the one you must necessarily have the other. Of course it is open to any one to maintain that in his judgment there is no particular expansion of credit anywhere except in the case of that scapegoat the United States. Such an one may hold that business in Germany, in Russia, in Japan, in South Africa, in Brazil, in Egypt, in Canada, and in Great Britain is all perfectly normal and that the extraordinary magnitude of our imports and exports merely shows our extraordinary prosperity. But then that is not the opinion of the financial writer I have cited. His view appears to me to be illogical. However that may be, it is certain that we have lately been lending a great deal to the countries mentioned above as well as to others, and these loan transactions are effected by shipments of commodities (not by shipments of gold, except to an infinitesimal extent, and as a totally exceptional measure); and in exchange for these commodities which we export, and which so greatly swell the figures, we receive bonds or stock certificates, not cash or commodities. We send out goods and we take in paper. And very good business this may be, too, within certain limits. But the limits are rigid, conditioned by the amount of liquid capital available in the lending country. In effect, for a good many years past, Great Britain has been the borrower of liquid capital from the Continent as well as a lender to the countries referred to above. Let me quote again some weighty words,

which I have quoted before, addressed by Mr. Rozenraad to the London Institute of Bankers, in April, 1904—a competent authority speaking to a competent audience—

This question of England's indebtedness to France, Austria, and other countries ought to be brought constantly before the mind of the English banking world. Every English acceptance discounted outside the country created a liability for Great Britain, a claim on Great Britain, which might have to be liquidated at a time when markets were under the influence of political complications or of unexpected events.

Only the other day, Paris discounted another three million pounds of English paper and is sending us the gold with the specific obligation that the gold is to be returned to the Bank of France on the maturity of the bills. Can we fairly count that specifically borrowed gold as part of the British banking reserve of gold? I think not. It ought to be ear-marked and deducted from the Bank of England's gold reserve. And we must bear in mind that although Paris maintains a much more adequate stock of gold in the Bank of France than is maintained by any other bank, there is ever in the background the spectre of the Russian deficit. Already we hear talk in St. Petersburg of a fresh loan of eighty million pounds. And when the country falls into the pernicious habit of borrowing each year to pay the interest on previous loans the appetite inevitably grows with what it feeds on. Any one who knows the French peasant, or the French lower classes generally, is aware that they are essentially a frugal people, and their annual savings are enormous; but through their banking and financial institutions they are already involved in various kinds of Russian securities to the extent of four hundred or five hundred million pounds sterling, according

to the best estimates; and there is practically no market now for Russian securities on a great scale except in Paris. No doubt the undeveloped resources of Russia are immense, but it is mostly immobile wealth, and the Government expenditures require very mobile wealth. No one can possibly believe that the social conditions of the Empire are completely or even moderately stable yet, and in case of any sudden upheaval in Russia, Paris would be very badly hit, because there are no buyers of Russian securities in any other country except France. Hence always a danger that Paris may suddenly have to call in its cash from London.

And here we may note a curious idiosyncrasy of the French investors. They have always held aloof from American investments, and no doubt in 1873, in 1893, and again at the present moment they may think that they judged wisely. But when we remember their investments in the old French Panama Canal securities some years ago, and now in Russian securities, we may be permitted to doubt whether their *flair* for safe disposition of their savings is really very keen. The drawbacks to investments in America are very apparent, but at the present moment, when the United States is thrown back on its haunches (so to speak), it is worth while, and only fair, to dwell upon the incontrovertible fact that any investor who has been reasonably well advised has done better with his investments on the American continent than in any other quarter of the world. Certainly they will compare well with the Lesseps Panama Canal Bonds or Russian securities, or even with our excellent old-fashioned British securities.

I approach this part of my subject with some confidence, because I ought to have considerable knowledge about it, and this is such an unusual condition of mind for any one writing upon large economical questions that per-

haps I may crave indulgence for a few words of personal recollections.

It is just fifty years since I first became interested in American securities, and I have continued to be increasingly interested in them up to this time. So far as my memory serves me I have known no other class of investments which have given more satisfactory results during these fifty years, taking the average prices they cost, the interest they have returned, and the average prices at which they can be sold, even at the panic quotations of to-day. And may I add one further word of a still more intimately personal nature: I can faithfully say that whilst there are a considerable number of persons in England who are richer people to-day owing to investments made in America on my personal advice, I cannot call to mind one single person alive or dead who has suffered in pocket from any such investments made on my personal advice. During this half century I have naturally seen extraordinary ups and downs, because for the ten years between 1861 and 1871 I was a banker in Wall Street, and I suppose I am the only man now living in England who has actually sold in New York every day for weeks together one hundred golden dollars for two hundred, and even up to two hundred and eighty United States Government legal tender dollar notes! This latter figure marked the lowest point of discredit of these notes (greenbacks) in June and July, 1864, and consequently we bankers were able to lay down in London United States Government 5-20 Six per cent. bonds, whose interest was all the time paid in gold, at a London price of under 50, so that an investor was getting over 12 per cent. per annum interest from what turned out to be the finest securities in the world. What a chance for investing well, one says! There are always these chances

if one knows how to avail oneself of them. But back-sight is considerably easier to most of us than fore-sight. Naturally this particular chance did not last over long. Even four years, however, after the Civil War was ended I myself actually saw during three successive days in September, 1869 (owing to the notorious gold corner), one hundred golden dollars bought at 137, sold at 167, and bought back again at 132, all in the course of three consecutive days. It will be understood that I use the figure 100 as an index figure, the actual transactions were of course in hundreds of thousands of dollars. The clearings of the Gold Exchange in New York were said to have amounted in those three days to five hundred million dollars, or nearly one hundred million pounds sterling, even at the depreciated value of the dollar. It took weeks to get the accounts straight.

No one who has not personally been through an experience of this sort can quite realize what it means. The panic came to a head on Black Friday the 24th of September, 1869, when two well-known wreckers, having got together all the available gold in their own hands, locked it up in safe-deposit vaults and made it impossible for those who had sold gold (which was a necessary part of legitimate business when the nation was working in two currencies) to make deliveries under their contracts except at the conspirators' own price. It was an infamous bit of business, and an indelible mark of disgrace ought always to attach to the names of the two arch conspirators who engineered it. They are both long ago dead. Many an honest man was ruined by that single day's work, and that so many of them should have paid out their last dollar rather than fail on their contracts shows how binding is that outside conscience derived from a custom of trade which will not admit

that even such an infamous conspiracy can be pleaded in bar of fulfilment of obligations. But, it may be asked, why rake up the ashes of those old unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago? In my own view I have a very intelligible reason, for in the ashes lie the wonted fires, and the demoralization of extravagance was in the air then as it is now. And also, I think, that a comforting moral may be deduced, which is, that notwithstanding all the perversities of the American financial constitution, the United States weathered those storms gallantly; and I think it will finally weather the storm now raging. But let us never forget that recovery is always a long lingering process. It is nearly seven years since the country entered the rapids, and in the January, 1903, number of this Review I quoted from a paper by Mr. Ridgely, who was then and still is the Controller of the currency of the United States, some wise words that ought to have been laid to heart. He told his fellow countrymen that the pace they had travelled for the previous five or six years had been too fast, and that it was time to "pause and consider." But very little attention was then paid to Mr. Ridgely. I will not quarrel with any one who may say that my quotations from him are the most valuable part of my own article above alluded to on the "Future of Finance." The prophet was not without honor save in his own country and among his own people. There he was pool-poohed as a pessimist.

The Americans, like all other peoples, have the defects of their qualities; they are high strung, almost to the extent of hysteria. When things are booming they see no top to the boom, and when things are crashing they see no bottom to the crash. They are very enthusiastic, and when they look around at that marvellous country of

theirs, whose wealth has only begun yet to be scratched, they are always too eager to do in five years the work that would be much better done in ten years. In a word, they are a nation of hustlers—not a term of reproach by any means.

That is one side of the American character, and it jumps to the eyes; but there is another side, not so well known to the Briton who has never lived for a lengthened period in the United States. The average American is a "whole-hearted fellow" (if I may use one of his own favorite expressions about character), and all I can say of Wall Street, after ten years' experience there, is that it is the most satisfactory place that I know to do business in, notwithstanding all its harassing ups and downs and its hustling. The besetting danger is megalomania, but the average business man in America is honest, just as the average business man in England is honest. If it were not so, how can any one suppose that the stupendous and ever increasing mass of business transactions could be put through each day with that wonderful nicety of adjustment which is one of the standing marvels of the world? The honesty of men is really much more striking than their dishonesty, and no one country can throw stones at any other country in regard to the exceptionally dishonest. If we go back five and thirty years to the date of the City of Glasgow Bank and the Foreign Loans Committee in 1873, and pursue our investigations from that date to the present moment, we may be inclined to observe a discreet silence on this particular subject. The chief reason why lapses are more marked in New York is that New York is by far the biggest market in the world for stock transactions.

In the article referred to above on the "Financial Future" I ventured to say in January, 1903, that "It will be

easy to lecture the United States, but, perhaps, it may be wiser to 'rect our own rede.' In both countries there has been an unhealthy inflation whether of currency or credit, which has upset all our normal notions of the right way and the wrong way in finance."

Here I will repeat that we in England have all our work cut out for us to paddle our own canoe. My experience has been that, when the occasion arises, the Americans have an extraordinary faculty for suddenly curtailing their ordinary profuse expenditure, which may yet prove a lesson to Englishmen. There is an old saying that "when America takes to wearing her old shoes she can lay the world under contribution." It looks as if this process may be very quickly put in operation, and we must be prepared for it. Let us never forget that whilst there has been a great deal of "*simulated prosperity*" in the United States, owing to over-borrowing, there has at the same time been an increase in the productive power, and a development of real efficient industrial activity, during the last ten years especially, such as the world has never seen before. We must not make any mistake about this. The panic of 1873 was chiefly owing to too rapid attempt at recuperation after the exhaustion of the most destructive and expensive war of modern times. The panic of 1893 was owing to the too rapid development of railroads. But the increase in solid wealth since 1893 is unparalleled, incalculable, and unthinkable, and the most valuable object lesson for us is to realize how utterly and absolutely we are all dependent on that small wheel of credit which keeps all the big wheels of production and transportation turning. Put a spoke in that little wheel, even for a few days, after some years of continued locking up of liquid capital in fixed investments, and the

whole fabric seems as if it were tumbling to pieces. There never were such increases in all the figures which are usually taken to denote prosperity as there have been in the United States during the last few years. Imports, exports, incomes, savings bank returns, railway earnings, clearing house returns, &c., &c., all as marvellous as they could be, right up to the day the panic began. The moral is—do not trust too much to these figures, there or here, but watch the way the people generally are talking and acting. If you observe a tendency to universally extravagant views of things, whether in the United States, in Germany, or in Great Britain, then look out for squalls. The habit of mind and the action resulting from it are together capable of setting in motion forces which no power can stay. Mr. Roosevelt, or any other man, might as well expect to sweep back the Atlantic with a penny broom as to alter, by speech, the mighty tendencies which the action of a whole people has set in motion. If things are unsound they must mend themselves by a slow change to healthier conditions through liquidation, and happily they always do mend themselves, as far as our knowledge goes.

One word more, about gold shipments to New York. If the European money markets were themselves in satisfactory shape the amount shipped so far ought not to cause so much trepidation. But what is the power of the United States to draw further gold? Surely that must depend on the temptingness of the prices at which American securities can be bought and at which commodities like iron, steel, copper, &c., can be bought in America for shipment to Europe. There may be dumping. If the American people suddenly become much more economical, and if investors on this side, with credit balances on deposit in the

banks waiting investment, think that the future in the United States is fairly safe, and that present prices of securities are low, there may be a good deal of investment buying of the best known railway stocks (whose currency prices will rise if the currency be really depreciated) and first-class mortgage gold bonds. With wheat 10s. a quarter higher than it was last year, middling American cotton at 6d. per lb., and manufactured goods for export in very much larger supply owing to the decreased home demand in America, there is likely to be a great increase of both the visible and the invisible exports from the United States, with a simultaneous decline in their imports of commodities, all which will conduce to the power of drawing gold from Europe in the future. It is certain that the Americans cannot "burgle" our gold even if they desired to do so! They can only take what they have a perfectly legitimate claim to from the sale of commodities or securities or the proceeds of loans voluntarily made to them by Englishmen, and there is a very large amount of gold required as a base to sustain the ever-increasing volume of paper cur-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

rency. I remember writing in April 1902 in this Review that it was "difficult to determine to what extent the increases in values might be attributable to inflation of the currency," and I see that on the 18th of this November, Mr. Roosevelt writes to Mr. Cortelyou, evidently with satisfaction, "ten years ago the circulation *per capita* was \$23.23, now it is \$33.23." Of course that includes gold as well as silver and paper, but 7*l.* a head for every man, woman and child seems a very large actual circulation in a country where the use of cheques is perfectly understood (not like France in that respect), and 2*l.* a head a very large relative increase compared to ten years ago. Infiltrating the currency with further issues of paper seems to be a doubtful measure. No doubt desperate ills may require desperate remedies, and my own arm-chair criticism or any other criticism from London is more easy than useful. The "Gresham law" may be at work in the United States—and perhaps elsewhere. But the consideration of this raises such complicated issues that it must be left for a future article.

J. W. Cross.

---

## AN AFRICAN ANDROMEDA.

One man in his time plays many parts, nor need he wait to pass through the seven ages to do so. If he enters his Majesty's Colonial Service he will quickly find that "exigencies of the service" cover many an extraordinary experience, many a difficult position in which he will have to stand alone, and a curious feature of this is that a man invariably takes such adventures as a matter of course, and adapts himself to his several *rôles* with an ease little short of marvellous,

and without any distinct impression that anything out of the way is happening. Such is the influence of atmosphere. What could be more disconcerting to a man who has never before left England than to find a puff-adder stretched out in his verandah, or to see his dinner laid out on a bare table, and on inquiry to find his servant had borrowed his tablecloth for a pall for his brother's coffin? Yet at the time such things are nothing more than annoying.

How, again, should a newly arrived legal mind advise a man in genuine distress who complains that, through the unfortunate position of a Government lamp-post, his father's ghost is afraid to enter the house, and has to stay out in the cold? He may solve the problem by driving the man away with objurgations or by sympathizing with him and shifting the lamp-post, according as he is in sympathy or not with the native mind, but he will not be surprised or think such matters out of the way. They are part of the custom of the country, part of the atmosphere that surrounds him. In a few weeks a man can get used to anything.

And thus accommodated to his environment the new District Commissioner of the Anum District, Gold Coast Colony, hands in pocket, whistled cheerily as in solitary state he stared from his little verandah past the tall bamboo-pole from which hung a tattered Union Jack, down the mountain-side far below, and saw the hammock of the sick man whom he had just despatched home, emerge from the canoe and crawl, looking like a little black domino, into the forest. Then, when the last carrier had passed from view, and he saw the canoes returning, he turned away.

He heard the splashing of the water being poured into his travelling bath and the cheerful jingle of knives and forks as his native boy laid the breakfast-table. Though the rainy season was fast approaching, the day was fair and sunny, sounds of distant laughter rose from the village below him; he felt impelled to sing.

But after breakfast, when the last ash in his pipe had died out, his mood changed. The sky grew overcast, the great mists began to rise, swirling and eddying, blotting out the mountains and river. With somewhat of a shock he realized that he who, a short six weeks before, was growling, a young

pedantic barrister, in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, was at the present moment alone in a fever-poisoned country face to face with twelve months of solitude, with the nearest white man fifty miles, or, as distance is relative, three days and two nights' long travel distant. Beyond reach of advice in emergency or help in case of sickness, with only a native sergeant and a few black police, he controlled a people of whose habits he knew nothing, and whose tongue he could not understand. For a moment he flinched at the thought of fever or accident. Rising from his chair, he walked on to the verandah. While he gazed, the prospect grew clear and distinct as the mists below thinned and melted.

He looked down the steep slopes of a high mountain, near whose summit his house was perched, the sides covered with great trees, their tops stretching in terraces down to the bottom of the valley. Between the boughs he caught here and there a glimpse of the village, its squalor veiled by distance. He saw the people's gay country cloths peeping out through the leaves, and far below at the bottom of the gorge he saw the blue waters of the river rushing and plunging over innumerable rapids and shallows. Range upon range of mountains rose in front of him and upon his left; but on his right, the distance in that damp atmosphere looking greater than it in reality was, stretched a vast plain, treeless, and covered with high coarse grass, through which the river rolled smooth and placid, not to be disturbed till it reached the first set of rapids above which his house was built. The sun was dropping over the mountains; but while it grew dusky in the gorges and valleys the great plain still glowed as the sun lowered a golden ladder and slowly descended to the earth. Insusceptible to color and contrast, Prendergast yet felt the scene was good to look upon. He stared en-

tranced till he heard footsteps behind him, and his black servant approached ushering in another native.

"This, sah, is the interpreter, Mr. Emanuel," said Quashie with a wave of his hand. "Come to see you, sah!"

Mr. Emanuel was clad in a tight suit of broken gray corduroys, his black skin protruding through its rents and chasms giving him the appearance of being puffed and slashed with black velvet. He bowed low, and scratched one bare ankle with a shell-like nail.

"Mr. Emanuel?" said Prendergast inquisitively.

"Yes, sah, your interpreter. I also bring your sergeant."

At his beckoning finger a small alert man neatly dressed in blue knickers and shirt stepped up, and, standing his carbine against the wall, saluted.

"Sergeant Akuffoo, sir," he said.

"Yes," said Prendergast.

"We hear, sah," resumed the interpreter, "that you come last night, and Captain Lynch goes away this morning. We hope, sah, he will live to reach his home, sah. Ask you if this first time you come to Africa, sah."

Mr. Emanuel squirmed and twisted, and his mingled assurance and obsequiousness impressed Prendergast unpleasantly.

"Yes," he said curtly, "this is my first tour of service. I am tired now after a long journey. You must be here early to-morrow; and Mr. Emanuel," he added, "oblige me by not wearing those old rags when you are with me. Either a decent suit or a clean country cloth will be more suitable to you as a Government officer. Good-night. I will see the king to-morrow—!"

"King is sick, sah," interrupted the interpreter.

"Well, be here in the morning any way," said Prendergast.

The two men, bowing and saluting, departed, Prendergast having by his maladroit speech already weakened one of his supports, for the interpreter took himself gloomily away, out of conceit with the corduroys which he had always believed to be the last "cry" in white man's clothing, though perhaps rather unsuitable to a tropical climate.

Next day Prendergast, accompanied by the sergeant and interpreter, cool and clean, and wrapped in a dark blue cloth, clambered down the narrow path to the town. From every naturally polite and at present kindly disposed native he received a salute and a word of welcome. Two hundred yards he had to go, but so steep was the descent that he walked down past the crown to the roots of an enormous cotton-wood tree. Then the slope grew less steep as he reached the broken level in the mountain-side, where the houses were built; then again, far below, he heard the roaring of the imprisoned river.

The old people were basking at the doors of their huts. He heard the cheerful laughter of the men working on the farms wrested with giant toil from the forest, a knot of men passed him with their nets slung over the shoulder on their way to the river. He saw a long line of bright-colored bead-like objects, the gaudy cloths of the women bringing up water in a toiling row. In the market-place, under the great banyan—the palaver tree—sat the elders, forming the village club, smoking an occasional pipe and discussing municipal affairs.

From all he received a stare of friendly curiosity and a polite salutation, and when, in response to a wave of the interpreter's hand, the elders came forward, these men, who had probably not seen three white men in their lives, expressed a hope that his stay amongst them might be pleasant,

and that he would be sorry to leave them when he went away.

Gold Coast architecture is inclined to be conservative. With some tribes square houses are the fashion; in that case all the houses are square. A neighboring tribe may have them circular with tapering pointed roofs; then you will never see a square house. Farther on, again, a tribe will have low squat houses with flat roofs sown with grass; then the town in the summer looks like a half-starved hayfield; but, whatever the fashion is, it is rigidly kept to. Here, however, the building where the sick king was lying was a round house in a square village. Four long whitewashed walls formed the compound. In the middle stood the house on a hard clean floor. Thirty feet in diameter, the roof rose up in a high pinnacle. A narrow opening in the wall gave entrance to the compound, and before the entrance there sat, on small wooden logs, three men. The centre man rose and politely bowed at Prendergast's approach.

"Will you ask him," Prendergast said, "how the king is to-day? I should like to see him."

The other two, who till now had remained seated, rose. The first man hesitated, and placed himself in front of the opening, when the police-sergeant moved up to Prendergast's side. The man stood aside, and Prendergast followed him, with the sergeant at his heels, into the house. The great room was spotlessly clean, but bare of all furniture save one thick grass mat spread out in the middle, upon which the sick man lay. By his side crouched an old woman who lifted a calabash of water to his lips and wiped the sweat from his face. Prendergast knelt beside him and took his hand. It was evident that the poor old king's days were numbered, for he appeared to be in the last stages of consumption. At a word from the na-

tive he opened his eyes and, seeing a white face, endeavored to raise himself; but his strength failed him. Prendergast, laying down his hand, walked from the house and rejoined the interpreter, who was awaiting him outside.

"Will you tell this man——" he said.  
"By the way, who is he?"

"He is a priest, sah," said the interpreter—"a big priest."

"Well, tell him that the king is very ill."

The interpreter translated, and the man answered quietly.

"He says, sah, he will die—but not just yet. No one recovers from such sickness."

"Can I do anything? Is he a Christian?" Prendergast asked.

A small woman, staggering under an enormous pot of water, attracted his attention, and he missed the astonished look on the faces round him as the interpreter put the question.

"No, sir," said the interpreter, "he is not"; and the priest, with a salutation, stepped into the compound and closed the interview by drawing a thatched hurdle across the opening.

Prendergast, dismissing his attendants, returned to his house thinking over what he had seen, and quite ignorant of the significance of the pointed hut among the square houses, though the smallest village child could have told him that it indicated the supreme religious rank of the dying man, who, priest as well as king, had the right to model his house on the fashion of the great temple at Kumassi. A couple of hours with Lynch, now well on his way to the coast, would have opened his eyes to many things—amongst them that he was face to face with a very serious situation should the king die and the funeral customs, with their peculiar ritual, be duly performed.

However, being ignorant, he was un-

troubled, and took up his new duties with keenness. No man, experienced or not, can run a district the size of an English county, his aides a semi-civilized interpreter and a police-sergeant with twenty men, without having to work. The innumerable reports that had to be not only written, but copied in his own hand alone, were sufficient to keep him busy, the more as his predecessor's illness had caused great arrears. For days together he hardly left his house till dark, and then only for a stroll along the ridge, spending his time writing till his hand grew too tired to hold the pen, not going once down into the village, but receiving daily reports from the sergeant. The town and district were quiet and gave no trouble; the sick king still lingered, and, as far as he knew, grew no worse; all went well, and at the end of ten days' toll Prendergast got even with his work.

He was watching, one evening, Mr. Emanuel packing up the mails for headquarters and lifting the bag on to the carrier's head, when he felt a touch on his knee. Looking down, he saw the fattest and shiniest little black girl he had ever set eyes on. Her plump black skin positively shone with health and oil, and her eyes and teeth glistened with good humor. She looked about four years old, and was quite naked except for a double row of large bright yellow beads half hidden in the creases of her fat neck and waist, and strings of small blue ones round her legs and arms. Clean and bright as a new pin, she bloomed like a ripe plum; and, so far from showing any fear of a white face, she stared gravely up at Prendergast, and with a crow of delight clutched him round his leg and hid her face. Extravagantly fond of children, Prendergast was delighted. Never had he seen such a baby, and, picking her up, he seated her on the table and called Quashie.

"This your daughter, Quashie?" he said; but the boy shook his head and walked into the bedroom.

"No, sah," he called, "I don't see this one before. Not mine, sah! Don't get one like that, sah!"

Prendergast, quite captivated, gave her a lump of sugar and lifted her down. She pressed her cheek against his hand and toddled down the two shallow verandah-steps into the dusk.

A man slipped from the bushes and, snatching her up, disappeared; but, quick though he was, Prendergast recognized him as one of the men before the door—the man who had accompanied him into the king's house. He heard the baby's fat chuckle as her captor slipped away with her. Evidently she was not in the least frightened, and was quite ready to go.

He brought out his chair and sat down on the verandah. The village stirred from its afternoon drowses. The men had returned from the farms and the nets, and their cheerful talk rose up as they greased and massaged their tired bodies. As the darkness increased, fires glimmered and cooking-pots bubbled. The village was enjoying itself. He sat there late, and the village grew quiet. It was a moonless night, and on such nights people who depend on sun and moon go to bed early; but the forest awoke; its day was just beginning. The insects sang and the undergrowth rustled, and the horrible scream of the two-toed sloth rising and falling—a cry that sent a British regiment flying to its arms—rang out far below; the mist swirled round him, and after a stiff nip of whisky he shook the ashes from his pipe and went shivering to bed.

He never expected to see the little girl again, and it was with feelings of very real pleasure that he saw her arrive the next evening smiling and bowing. She stayed the same length of time, accepted another lump of sugar,

and smilingly departed, to be again caught up by her waiting escort. And so there began a curious friendship, for Prendergast, in his lonely position, felt his heart quite go out to the baby, and grew to look forward to her nightly visit as the brightest moment of the twenty-four hours. She never failed, never stayed beyond the accustomed time, and with a parting caress would disappear, to be caught up and carried chuckling away down to the town.

So the time passed steadily on till Prendergast had been in solitary state for six weeks. One gorgeous day he summoned his two Kroo boys, a couple of which tribe are allotted to each official as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and while the sun was yet high over the river descended with them to the water's edge, passing the lines of laughing women toiling upwards with the water-pots, and embarked in the Government canoe. Directly above the landing-place a high reef of black rock ran out well into mid-stream, and round it the current ran and boiled with the force of a mill-race. Turning her head down stream in the quiet waters, Prendergast made his boys paddle gently while he sat in the stern. An enthusiastic bird-collector, kingfishers were his special hobby, and he only wanted the big chestnut-colored bird with white spotted breast to complete his collection. The river always held an immense charm for him, and an afternoon with the two boys born to the paddle was a keen delight. He sat smoking, watching the broad brown backs and the movement of the great muscles. Negroes of the negro though they were, they were as much aliens in a strange land as he himself.

The Kroo coast supplies its sons to the Gold Coast, three hundred miles away, and other Governments of the West Coast colonies to do the rougher

work of the unskilled laborer. Though looked upon with deep contempt by the natives themselves as being of a lower class, they are in many instances of a better type than the negroes who despise them. They are brave; the Kroo coast supplied no slaves in the old days, though many drowned themselves before the attempt to enslave them was abandoned; they are hard-working and affectionate; but their superstitions are lower even than those of the more civilized natives, and they are equally vain. At the end of their two years' service they never fail to return to their own country. They bear curious names, bestowed on them by their masters and the sailors on board the ships, where they do all the working of the cargo. The two in Prendergast's service were brothers, the eldest a red-haired giant known as "Duke of Fife"; his brother, scarcely smaller, was "Ben Jonson." Despised, they kept aloof safe in the shadow of the Government, patiently waiting for the day when a mile from the shore, with a hundred others, they would jump over the steamer's side and be pulled into the canoes awaiting them off their village.

Though there were plenty of brilliant birds on the river that afternoon, the spotted kingfisher was not one of them, and after an hour they turned upstream. The deserted landing-place came in sight, and to Prendergast's delight he saw the longed-for bird sitting on the very end of the reef. The canoe pushed up to the rock's base, then turned and ran under its lee into mid-stream. The bird saw them and rose too late. She fell with a splash, but on the wrong side of the rock. With the greatest labor the boys twisted the canoe round the point to where the bird was floating. She flew up again, only to fall behind a clump of rushes. The boys stepped out into water barely ankle-deep, and hauled the canoe after her. Prendergast found he was at

the mouth of a narrow cutting running into the forest, which met thick overhead. It was fringed with great rushes and cumbered with rotting boughs and the decay of centuries. It smelt stagnant and bitter. The mass of reeds in the rear shut off all signs of the cheerful river. He was in gloom and silence. Nevertheless he bade the boys, in a whisper, go on. Though there was barely room for the canoe, the water abruptly deepened. Then, after much twisting and turning, she emerged on to a small dismal pool. The great reeds for twenty feet fringed the banks, but the middle was clear. The clammy lifelessness of air and water was so overpowering that Prendergast felt poisoned. Across the pool he saw another opening. The Kroo boys in silence pushed the canoe into it. It was very short, and ended at the bank, and then Prendergast for the first time felt something of what lay behind the smiling goodwill of the people. He realized that here the old gods still lived. Not the gods of gorgeous temples and grand processions, not the gods of blaring ceremonies in bright sunlight, but the secret and evil fetishes of the negro, the gods of solitude and dark places, whose very names must not be spoken aloud.

Prendergast, grasping a bough, pulled himself on shore. Beneath a huge tree stood a platform, and on it a great figure sat staring over the pool. Made of clay and painted red and white, the deformed hands rested on the knees. Protruding clay-colored eyes stared from the head—fashioned half-snake, half-fish. Behind the big tree a narrow path ran up the almost sheer mountain-side.

On the Kroo boys the idol made no impression. They stared at him with contempt. Such as he was not in use on the Kroo Coast, so for them he had no terrors; but to Prendergast the whole atmosphere was so evil, the as-

pect of the god so devilish in that foul and murky place, that he turned and fled and stumbled into the boat. Scarcely had he seated himself, when there came a great troubling of the water. The surface boiled and the canoe rocked. Duke of Fife steadied her with the paddle, and the pool quieted, but Prendergast, who had gazed deep down, his eyes close to the water, gripped the gunwale and lifted a face white and shining. For as the rocking of the canoe cleared away the filthy scum, he saw the shadowy indistinct form of a great reptile glimmer up through the black water, then sink slowly into the depths. He pointed with a shaky hand across the pool, and the Kroo boys rushed the canoe down the passage through the screen of reeds into the healthy living river.

Of the gods and goddess of the grove Prendergast knew nothing beyond having a vague notion that West African people worshipped the "fetish," whatever that might be; and consequently he did not know that the more secret a fetish is, the more baleful it is. The little gods that sit guarding the entrances to the villages in their leafy shrines, smiling, cheerfully indecent, with their hands on their knees, are of little power for evil—a handful of maize suffices for them; but the secret ones, the gods of the grove, of the mountain, and swamp, of the deep recesses of the river, are powers with which the British Government has had, and still has, to reckon. The mysteries of solitude, gloom, and silent waters appeal to the native, and the archpriests of the great fetishes place the homes of some of their most dreaded masters near the rivers.

March was gone, and with the coming of April the weather changed. The tornadoes gathered daily and broke; the sun disappeared for days together; great mists rose from the valley and

swirled up the mountain-side. The town remained hidden; all was wet and stifling. Deprived of exercise, chilled, and depressed, the inevitable happened—the fever that in the pleasant sunny days he had laughed at seized on Prendergast. The distaste for the morning food and the craving for the hot tea were succeeded by a splitting head and racing pulse. Quashie, who had served many masters, administered the usual remedies, and in the morning the fever went, leaving Prendergast half-unconscious, his head singing and buzzing, yet dimly aware through all his discomfort of the little soft hand that clasped his own and helped to replace the rag soaked in the cool Florida water on his head. Then the fever returned; but on the fourth day Quashie's heroic doses of quinine prevailed, and the disease was broken.

"Near time, too. You take quinine fine, sah," he said, as he shook the depleted bottle. "It's nearly done."

"And suppose the fever returns?" Prendergast groaned; but here Quashie reassured him.

"This fever dead, sah," he said; "I kill him. Before master get another we fill the bottle. You all right now, sah. Drink this soup, sah."

Prendergast climbed shakily from his steaming blankets and sipped the strong hot broth. He put on flannels and a heavy dressing-gown and walked on to the verandah. There was a temporary break in the rains, and the day was warm and fair, though the mist hid the town below him. He looked out over an ocean of white fog, through which the peaks stood out like wooded islands. Everything was quiet; not a leaf stirred in the forest; not a sound rose up from the hidden town; only the great fog-wreaths swirled at his feet.

"How's the king, Quashie?" he called abruptly, his voice trembling and breaking, for his nervous system was

shaken as much by the enormous doses of quinine as by the fever.

Quashie, who was airing the bedclothes, turned his back.

"Don't know, sah," he replied; "all the days you be sick, and this cloud come, I no go out, sah. He not dead, sah, or we hear the crying."

"And where," said Prendergast, sitting weakly down on his bed—"where's the baby? She was here when I was ill. Will she be here to-night? Where is she?"

"She come when you be sick, sah. I think she come to-night, p'raps," and the boy hurriedly closed the discussion by walking out of the room.

That evening the mist moved under a light breeze. Prendergast fancied he could make out the crowns of the bigger trees. He anxiously waited the child's coming. The drops off the leaves sounded like the patter of tiny feet. He felt sure he heard her coming. No one appeared; but he could not rid himself of the idea that some one was moving in the fog close to the house. He leant over the verandah-rail and listened with all his ears. He was on the point of calling out, when the boom of a great drum roared up to him. He could almost see the waves of sound forcing themselves up through the fog, and, as though the drum had been the flourish of the conductor's *bâton*, the town below broke out into a great mourning and crying. The drum stopped after a few beats, but the wailing grew louder and more shrill. The shouts of men arose, and Quashie dashed out.

"The king dies now," he cried; "he die in the fog."

"Come here, Quashie," Prendergast whispered. "Listen! There's some one here."

Out of the fog there came a little sound—half-cry, half-call.

"It's quite close," Prendergast said; "it's the baby." Again they heard it;

then came a rush of hurrying steps and a scuffle. Prendergast shouted weakly, but he could hear nothing more. He tottered to the table and swallowed half a tumblerful of whisky. The spirit ran through his veins like new life. He stopped shaking, and his voice grew strong and clear.

"Thank God for alcohol!" he said.

He turned, full of confidence, to the knocking at the door, and admitted the interpreter and police-sergeant.

"Did you meet any one outside?" he asked—"that baby who comes here, alone, or with any one?"

Both men shook their heads. "No, sir," the interpreter said, "we saw no one. We come to report the king's dead." And the sergeant nodded gravely.

"I shall come down into the town tomorrow," Prendergast went on, "if the fever does not come back. Have a runner to go down to Accra; I will report the king's death. Now I want that little girl found. Those are my orders. Bring her here to-morrow morning. That's all now."

The interpreter bowed, and the sergeant saluted and departed. Prendergast swallowed more soup and went to bed. It was fortunate that the fever had been broken, and fortunate, too, that he was so exhausted that he fell straightway into a deep sleep. Throughout the long night the village howled and keened over the dead king, ever increasing into louder uproar as the parties from the neighboring towns arrived to swell the chorus. The drums roared and boomed through the darkness, but he slept unconscious. He awoke a new man, and found Quashie bending over him, who shook his head to the question he read in his master's eyes.

"No, sah," he said, "she not come."

Prendergast, troubled and ill at ease, shaved, and tubbed, and ate his breakfast. The child's absence worried

him, and the little episode of the previous night troubled him greatly. Still, the fever was killed, new life pulsed through his veins, and the day was a gorgeous one. The mists had gone again; he looked over mountain and plain, and saw his beloved river racing through the gorges. With the vigils of the night the drumming had ceased, though the women were still wailing. No one seemed moving below; so, grasping a long stick, he set off slowly down the path. The streets and houses were deserted, but on turning into the open space before the king's house he found it packed with people sitting quiet on the ground listening to the wailing going on within.

Behind a table sat three men with handkerchiefs bound like coronets round their heads, and wrapped in mourning-cloths of dark blue. The table was strewn with calabashes full of fermented palm-wine and a few bottles of raw gin. Had a coast town been the scene, where gin was plentiful, the custom would have already become an orgy. At his entry the priest whose acquaintance he had previously made met him and escorted him to a seat at the table. Another man politely handed him a calabash of wine, and, as Prendergast took it, to his great astonishment he recognized his police-sergeant. Before he could demand what he was doing there, and why he was not in uniform, the man said quietly, "Beside sergeant I am chief here, sir," and, taking the calabash, threw out the few drops and put it down on the table. Prendergast, quite bewildered, sat down and gasped. A man, nude save for the tiniest of waist-cloths, stepped out and, to the accompaniment of the drums, shouted and postured. In front of Prendergast he stopped.

"Why, surely," Prendergast said, "that's Mr. Emanuel, the interpreter!"

"Besides interpreter he is also the king's brother," said the sergeant

gravely. "He makes the death dance for the king."

Inexperienced though he might be, Prendergast felt terribly uneasy. Here were the two men on whom he must rely not only with the people, but of them. It took him some time to grasp the situation. In his ignorance he did not know whether such things were customary or not. All seemed safe; the people were quietly watching the dances, and there was not enough gin to excite them. None of the police were to be seen. The drums stopped, and Mr. Emanuel, retiring, returned clad in the corduroys. Prendergast had the good sense to remain quiet, and when the sergeant and another chief invited him to enter the hut he silently accompanied them. The dead king, washed, and oiled, and painted thick with circles and spots of gold, sat propped up on a stool. His jaw was tied up with a black ribbon, and a long clay pipe was stuck in his mouth. His ancient mother sat beside him. Prendergast gazed at the body, which, with eyelids kept open with splinters, stonily returned his stare. The crying women, who had become silent at his entry, resumed their wailing. While he was yet staring, a great noise rose up outside the hut. Big drums roared and dropped into rhythm, jangles and horns joined in, the people sang and hummed in a low chant. Prendergast, who was intensely excited, turned to the door, but the two men barred the way.

"You not look there," the sergeant said.

For a moment Prendergast was nonplussed. No one was breaking any law. He had no business to interfere. Then he felt the impulse that pulls men through. No one had a better right to know what went on in his district than he, and see he would.

"Report yourself at my quarters," he said. "You may be a chief, but you

are my sergeant. Stand away!" He pushed him aside and went out. The people were lined up four deep, preventing him from seeing, but he could catch an occasional glimpse of what seemed a procession. He elbowed and pushed till he forced his way to the front. He saw a stool upon a board carried on men's heads, and covered with a cloth that reached to the ground. He could see the black feet shuffling along. On the stool sat a small white figure, the hands clasped behind the head. The whole affair reminded him of some grotesque pantomime animal. As it passed slowly between the lines of people they threw up small branches to the figure on the chair, swaying as its bearers postured to the drum-beats. It was some distance away, but some movement or pose recalled to Prendergast the idol by the pool. It reached the end, and, turning, began to advance along his side of the open space, when the sergeant pushed roughly past him, and, raising his hand, cried out. The white figure was spun violently round and round, then vanished; the noise ceased, the people disappeared into the bushes, and Prendergast found himself alone staring at the sergeant.

"What was that thing?" he said.

The sergeant drew his cloth over his shoulders. "Nothing for the white man to see," he said.

"What was it they were carrying?" repeated Prendergast, furious at the man's manner; but the sergeant did not answer. "What was it?" Prendergast repeated. "I order you to answer. You are my sergeant. What are you doing? Why aren't you in uniform?"

The sergeant bowed. "The Government always gives leave in such times," he said.

Prendergast did not know if this was true, but the sergeant had not applied for any leave. "You are doing this without asking my permission," he

said; but the sergeant shrugged his shoulders in contempt, and slipped into the forest. Prendergast tried the door of the king's house, but found it fast, and then climbed the hill to his quarters.

It occurred to him, as he clambered painfully up, that he had hardly expected this sort of thing when, as a full-fledged barrister, he had applied for his district commissionership. His legal knowledge seemed likely to be more of a hindrance than a help, as it impelled him to administer beautifully framed laws which no one would obey, and to entertain scruples which he himself felt to be out of place. Not till he reached his door did he remember that he had seen nothing of the baby. The house was empty, Quashie and the Kroo boys having gone off to view the ceremonies, but a newly arrived mailbag lay on the table. He broke the seals and cut the string, the contents pouring out and falling, some on the table, some on the floor. The first letter he opened was in an unknown hand.

"My dear Prendergast," it began, "I would have written from Sierre Leone, but was too ill. I write these few lines to tell you I'm better, and shall get home all right. I was sorry to leave you as I did, and fear you may be having a rough time. If the king dies, look out for human sacrifices. He is priest as well as king, and one child, if not two, will certainly be killed. There is one that has been chosen and kept in readiness, though I could not find it; but if you see one, probably a female, remarkable for its looks and well-being, keep a watchful eye—"

Prendergast felt very sick, and let the letter fall; then he picked it up.

"Your boy Quashie can help you. However, I hope the king won't die, and then it will be all plain sailing. I have written the Governor fully."

Prendergast, as he put the letter

back into its envelope, noticed that it was written from Grand Canary.

He laid the letter down, and steadied himself against the wall. When his brain cleared he saw Quashie, followed by the two Kroo boys, coming up from the river with the daily supply of water. "And Quashie can help me. Quashie knows, does he?" said Prendergast. He heard the splash of the water as they poured it into the bath, and Quashie, carrying the towels, entered, announcing that the bath was ready. Prendergast took no notice, and Quashie repeated it, vaguely aware as he met his master's eyes that something was wrong.

"Where's that little girl?" Prendergast said gently.

Quashie pretended to shake out the towels. "Think she soon come, sah," he said.

"And how long were you with Captain Lynch before he got ill?"

"Oh, long time, sah; six, seven year, I think, sah. Only stay with you till he come back, sah."

"Quashie," Prendergast said, "to-day I got a letter from him. Listen!" And he read to near the end. "Now," said Prendergast, laying it down, "tell me two things. Are they going to kill a child, and is that child the baby?"

"I hear, sah," said Quashie uneasily, "that some one will follow the king—that's all, sah."

"And you don't know any more?"

"No, sah." And Quashie, thinking the ordeal was over, smiled and picked up his towels.

"There are two more words in the letter," Prendergast said, "two little words—'Quashie knows.' Duke of Fife and Ben Jonson come here."

The great hulking boys marched into the room. "Catch Quashie," said Prendergast.

At the touch of the great fingers Quashie, whose bravery was not his

strong point, collapsed, and fell on his knees.

"Yes, sah," he sobbed, "your small baby be king's messenger. They keep her for that. To-day they carry her round and give her message. This night she go to him."

"And you knew this all the time she was coming here, and I got so fond of her?" said Prendergast.

Quashie nodded through his tears. "That's what she for," he said, "to go to the king."

"Let him go," Prendergast said; and Quashie stood up and dried his eyes on the towels.

"Where have they taken her?" said Prendergast. "You don't know? Duke of Fife, twist Quashie's arm."

The Kroo boy grunted and pushed Quashie contemptuously aside. "Mas-sa," he said, "the thing by the river. We see him."

The scene by the pool, forgotten in the hurrying events of the last few days, flashed across Prendergast's mind. It did not need a glance at Quashie's face to assure him that at last he held the clue to the whole business.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "I won't say you told me. Duke of Fife, go into the town, find all the police you can, and bring them here. Quashie, get breakfast at once."

Duke of Fife disappeared down the path, and Quashie began to lay the table, so unnerved by his late experience that Prendergast's thoughts were punctuated with the smash of falling crockery. He was facing a difficulty that would have tried most men very high. He stood single-handed (for Quashie was evidently useless) against a fanaticism as stern and real as any belonging to a higher civilization. Its arch-priest was dead, and the culminating rite ready to be carried out. His right-hand man not only against him, but one of the chief parties con-

cerned; and his interpreter, useful only as a medium of communication, faithless as well. He was sufficiently broad-minded to understand, so he bore no malice against his opponents. He realized that their rites were traditional and proper enough in their eyes, and he recognized that he had but one weapon—the color of his skin; or rather two, for another force was at work—his affection for the little girl. "I'll stop it somehow," Prendergast said.

Now, could these things have occurred to Captain Lynch, his procedure would have been simple. He would, when the king's death became a certainty, have summoned the fetish men, told them of his suspicions, and ordered the baby to be produced every twenty-four hours till the period of mourning for the dead king was over. This done, he would have sat down and smoked without worrying, but Duke of Fife, or some other trusted messenger, would have carried post-haste to the coast an urgent request for a company of Hausas. If on their arrival the baby was not forthcoming, Lynch, without further argument, would have arrested every one concerned, packed them off under escort to Accra, and, if sufficient evidence was obtainable, have hanged every man concerned in the murder. In any event, he would have burnt the king's house and thrown every fetish he could lay hands on into the river, secure in his knowledge of the people that he was acting justly, and quite regardless whether the law upheld him or not. Nor would his sergeant of police have shown himself anything but a zealous and capable officer.

Prendergast stayed in his house all that day. Late in the afternoon Duke of Fife reported that the sergeant had sent the police away, and that no people were to be seen, nor were the women down at the river, that the Gov-

ernment canoe was sunk with a big hole in her side, and that the town canoes had disappeared.

With an idea of making the best of matters, and from some feeling he could not quite understand, Prendergast carefully shaved and put on a new suit. As he buttoned his last gaiter-button a line in Lynch's letter recurred to him, "I have written the Governor fully"; and, like sister Ann from the battlements, he looked from his veranda for a sign of help. But there was none; the forest was dark and silent. He picked up his gun and filled his pockets with cartridges.

"Are you coming with me, Quashie?" he asked; but the look on Quashie's face was enough, and he sallied forth on his quest alone.

Ere he had taken a dozen steps he heard a growl and a shriek, and, turning, he saw Quashie with streaming nose picking himself up out of the bath, while the two Kroo boys, their heavy paddles over their shoulders, strode down the path after him.

"Massa," growled Duke of Fife, "we come look for small girl. We no fear —eh, Ben?" And big Ben Jonson blushed, and, while trying to hide behind his still bigger brother, swore that he had no fear.

Prendergast stopped and wiped his face. Here was help, and, what was more, moral support. If these despised men-of-all-work, these negroes of the negro, these eaters of strange flesh, were not afraid, it was not for him to flinch. He stretched out his hands and grasped those of the gratified savages, and the dauntless trio sallied forth down into the town just as the sun set behind the farther mountains. The streets were empty and the doors all closed, but he could hear the whisperings and hushed cries as he walked between the houses attended by his mighty escort. Once he turned aside to find a nude man pressed limpet-like

against a broken wall, who laughed noiselessly when he saw he was discovered, and refused to move. Once an excited youth appeared and danced before him, then, running ahead, spat on the ground, to be knocked senseless the next moment by a blow from Ben Jonson's mighty fist. And Prendergast applauded; the battle had begun, the influences of accustomed law and order were slipping from him, and the natural man stood out sound and brutal.

Leaving the young man where he lay, they marched to the king's house. There was no one to be seen; the door was fastened, and it seemed deserted. There was no one to question, no one to fight with. To get to the idol was his one idea, but the way was closed; the canoe was sunk and the rock unclimbable. Standing helpless in the failing shadows, he felt deserted by God and man.

But primitive man can match primitive man when learning fails and civilization is but a hindrance, and the Kroo boys had been searching carefully. Before his fit of depression had passed Duke of Fife led him to where a dozen little paths ran devious into the forest. All seemed alike, but across one of them was stretched a foot from the ground a single black thread. The gloom was thickening as Ben Jonson ran back for the hurricane lantern; before he returned the forest was black in the early nightfall. Smashing the thread, they followed the forbidden path. It entered the forest, twisted to the right, then to the left, as if uncertain, and then plunged abruptly down towards the river. So steep and rough was it that they could only descend with the utmost difficulty. In parts it was a mere watercourse covered with great boulders, over which the sweating Prendergast was roughly hauled. But that it was a path, and the right one, the fetish threads they met with

showed. To break even one of these insignificant but deadly monitors through which they were so recklessly ploughing meant a sure and speedy vengeance on the part of the priests. Never did the most ferocious notice of man-traps and spring-guns warn away trespassers as did these little black threads. But here again the weapon of his white skin served him. Sheer down went the path, and Prendergast could hear the rushing of the river, when he caught the echo of a faint wailing cry, and saw the glimmering of a light. It quickly brightened as they went down, and became a large fire shining and glistening on the trunks and leaves; and, pulling himself over a great stone, nearly exhausted he stepped on to the level bank, and walked boldly up to the fire.

Before him sat the great idol staring into the pool, the flicker of the firelight throwing strange shadows and colors on to the black surface of the water. Across the knees of the fetish lay a long bundle, and he heard again the low melancholy cry. The air was chilly as well as damp and muggy by the water, and he shivered even as he perspired. Weakened by the fever, he was dizzy and exhausted, and sat down on a boulder while one of the Kroo boys put his arm round him to support him. The fire before the image spluttered and crackled, occasionally almost dying out, then burning up again, till at last, when Prendergast thought they must have been there a long time, it found a large piece of very dry wood, and broke into a bright fierce blaze, throwing its light right across the pool. He saw, again, the disturbance of the water that he had seen on his first visit, but now there arose from the shining surface a white dreadful head that stared blindly at him. And as it glided full into the light he saw clearly the form of what appeared to be an enormous water-

snake. Again came the low cry, and the head floated gently towards them. Prendergast, hardly knowing what he did, raised his gun, but the Kroo boys, who had stared paralyzed, awoke. Ben Jonson snatched the weapon from him, and, as the head reached the shore and began to raise itself from the water, Duke of Fife, with a great bellow, rushed forward and snatched the bundle from off the knees of the god. A sickness fell upon Prendergast, and when he came to himself he found that he was high up the path, Ben Jonson's arms around him, and Duke of Fife throwing water in his face.

He rose and held dizzily to a tree, feeling that death was very close. He pointed upwards. "You boys help me," he whispered. Duke of Fife slipped his great hand under his arm. "We go," he shouted; "we go! But we catch small girl! Hi, Ben."

Ben Jonson very gently unrolled the bundle. Prendergast lifted the cloth, and the little child was in his arms.

"Come," he said, "light the lamp."

Day was breaking when they emerged into the open space in front of the king's house.

It was fairly light when they left the trees, and Prendergast saw the table with its load of palm-wine and gin placed again before the entrance and the three chiefs seated behind it. The sergeant rose and stepped out in front of him.

"You must give me that child, sir," he said; and he spoke the words quite respectfully, and with no appearance of anger.

"She stays with me," said Prendergast hoarsely.

"I tell you you must give her up, sir; she does not belong to you."

"Nor to you. She goes to Accra."

The sergeant still spoke quite quietly. "Neither she nor you will go to Accra," he said. "I want her now; you must give her up."

Prendergast put the baby down. "You boys!" he said; and the brave Kroo boys strode in front of her.

"I'll shoot the first man who tries to take her," Prendergast said.

The sergeant paused and stared at the small party. He turned round and raised both his hands palms outward above his head. The space filled with men armed with cutlasses and heavy sticks.

"Now," he said, "give me the girl and the Kroo boys and go."

Prendergast stepped forward and kicked a mark on the sand.

"The first over that," he said, "I shoot." And he raised the gun.

The sergeant, despair written plain upon his face, but firm in his fanaticism, turned again to the crowd and spoke to them, then to the white man. "When the shadow strikes this mark you yourself have made," he said.

"Stand by me now, you boys," said Prendergast, while he watched the shadow creep closer to the mark.

The sergeant faced towards the river, and, throwing up his arms, cried

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

aloud thrice. "I call on my God," he said.

"And I on mine," said Prendergast.

Issue was joined. They stood motionless and silent, staring at each other. The invocation seemed to have stopped the day, but the shadow moved. After a long, an immense, interval it reached the mark, hesitated, and crawled over it. With a supreme gesture the priest flung out his hand, when from far away out of the dense forest below there came the thin clear notes of a bugle. Again floated up the tiny call.

"Mine's won," said Prendergast, stepping forward and snapping the cartridges from his gun. "They'll be here in half an hour. Get back to your houses. Sergeant, tell all these people to keep indoors. Put on your uniform and report yourself. You are under arrest."

Half an hour later he was welcoming the Hausas as they streamed in a long line out of the forest and crossed the river.

*W. H. Adams.*

---

## AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC.

The voyage of the American fleet to the Pacific began Dec. 16th. Nothing has happened to make us change our opinion that it is both a naval and a political event of the first importance. The Americans are perhaps better justified than they altogether realize in following its every detail with an intense if somewhat spectacular interest. The magnitude of the occasion as expressed in ships and guns, and tons of provisions and of coal, appeals naturally and rightly to all their sightseeing instincts. There has been nothing like it before in American history. The fleet that is now assembled

under the command of Rear-Admiral Evans is by far the strongest force that has ever been gathered together in the naval experience of the United States. It is more than that. It represents a degree of sea-power that exceeds on paper that of any other naval unit. It is more formidable than our Channel Fleet, than the German High Sea fleet, or the French Mediterranean squadron, or the navy of Japan. No such naval force has ever before started on so long and so apparently objectless a voyage in time of peace. Mr. Roosevelt has spoken of it as "a practice cruise." But what light he

expects to be thrown upon the fighting efficiency of the fleet by three or four months of uninterrupted, ding-dong steaming he has not explained. We believe the best naval experts agree in regarding a voyage of this nature as more likely to hinder than to promote the only kind of training for war that is really effective. Thirteen thousand miles without a stop except for coaling involves, no doubt, a thorough test of machinery, of the tempers of officers and men, and of the administrative capacity of the American naval authorities. But they are almost wholly destructive of the conditions which experience hitherto has accepted as the basis of training at sea; and from the merely technical standpoint we look for nothing illuminating from this grandiose expedition, and expect it, indeed, to yield little more than a prolonged and expensive example of what to avoid. It is, in fact, impossible with any pretence of seriousness to argue that the voyage from Hampton Roads to Magdalena Bay has been planned with an eye solely, or even mainly, fixed upon points of naval discipline or equipment or upon any point of merely professional moment. The Atlantic seaboard is not going to be left for six or eight months in a virtually defenceless condition simply that the resisting power of the American fleet to the wear and tear of an unexampled voyage may be ascertained more or less definitely.

What then is the purpose of the cruise? We have argued, and we still maintain, that it is possible to consider it apart from the trouble which has broken out between the United States and Japan. It is possible, but circumstances have made it very difficult. Not since Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule was announced in an obscure provincial journal has any great political departure been vested in less dignity or more mystery. The

American mind is not so much a blank as a confusion of cross-lights on the real intention of the movement. Nevertheless a detached observer will note and admit the force of certain determining circumstances, in the light of which the redistribution of American sea-power appears as the necessary coping-stone on a series of development that long preceded and will long survive the present dispute between the Governments of Washington and Tokyo. The historic absorption of American interests in the ocean that washes her eastern States has had its origin not merely in the propinquity of Europe, in the fact of their earlier settlement and of their position at a natural gateway for the commerce and immigrants of the older world, but also in the chance that has caused every political storm which has yet visited the Republic to blow from the east rather than from the west. Until the war with Spain America had had no grounds for concern in the politics of the Pacific. Except as a geographical commonplace, she scarcely realized that she fronted on both oceans. The wars with Great Britain were altogether confined to the Atlantic side of the Continent. The questions to which the neighborhood of Canada and the West Indies gave rise were questions which, if they were to be decided by an appeal to force, would be decided on the Atlantic. The Monroe doctrine, though always elastic in its scope, was mainly thought of as concerning the South American Republics along the eastern seaboard. Within the last decade these problems have either been minimized or have almost wholly disappeared. We do not regard the present status of the West Indies as settled for all time, but it is clear that since the expulsion of Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico their possibilities as sources of international friction have greatly diminished. We do not believe

that Canada and the United States will always see eye to eye, but nobody now thinks it credible that any dispute that may arise between them will ever lead to war. We do not look upon the Monroe doctrine in its present form as by any means a permanent policy, but we are convinced that the day is definitely passed when a European Power will dream of challenging it. There has, in short, been going on for a decade and more a steady diminution of the risk of war along the whole American coast-line. The questions that used to be international have become for the most part domestic.

In the Pacific, on the other hand, the course of events has tended in a precisely opposite direction. There American interests, once negligible, have become manifold. The building-up of the States on the Pacific slope, the annexation of Hawaii, the rapid growth of American commerce with the Far East, the purchase of the Philippines and the rise of Japan have reacted upon American destinies with an ever-increasing intensity. As a possible battle-ground of the future it is no longer the Atlantic but the Pacific that claims American thought. From this standpoint the removal of the great bulk of the fleet to the Pacific wears the aspect of a recognition, and a somewhat tardy one, of the new facts of America's international position. It has, too, other and minor uses. It is a demonstration such as all who run may read of the strategic necessity of the Panama Canal. It is a warning such as even the provincialism of Congress may be expected to heed, that the present forces of the country are insufficient for the protection of her two coast-lines. Moreover it affords an opportunity for cultivating friendly relations with those South American republics whose vital importance to the commercial future of the United States is just beginning to

be realized. But while on all these grounds the voyage of the American fleet is defensible, it is not possible to separate it from the tension which for more than a year has undoubtedly existed between the United States and Japan. It is perfectly true that Japan would far rather see her emigrants settle in Korea or Manchuria than in California, and that on the question of fundamental self-interest there is little or nothing to keep Tokyo and Washington apart. What is at issue between them is more a point of manners than of anything else. Unhappily it is precisely on points of manners that American legislators and diplomats most frequently fail. We anticipate a determined attempt by the Congressmen from the Pacific States to force a Japanese Exclusion Bill through the American legislature. We have no confidence in the discretion of the American press in dealing with the voyage of the fleet. Already they have done what they could to represent it as a reminder to Japan that the patience of the United States is not to be trifled with. Already they have gloried in the cessation of the alleged Japanese pin-pricks that followed the announcement of its intended cruise. Conditions in short are conceivable in which the Government of Tokyo might feel impelled to read a sinister meaning into the otherwise inexplicable voyage of this American Armada. Therein lies its danger, a danger we have no wish to magnify but cannot altogether ignore. The Americans are proceeding upon a profound miscalculation of the spirit of Japan if they imagine that the Mikado's advisers can be either intimidated or bluffed; and the whole world of diplomacy, while not apprehensive of any definite peril, will undoubtedly breathe more easily when the American fleet has returned to its old moorings.

**WHEN DOES OLD AGE BEGIN?**

In his inaugural lecture at Oxford Professor Freeman complained that, while he was required to lecture on "Modern History," and various details as to the number and place of these lectures were definitely prescribed, the University Statutes had not determined for him at what date "modern history" began. He was therefore left to make his own choice from the dates suggested by different historians, and these ranged from the call of Abraham to the French Revolution. There is scarcely less diversity of opinion in fixing the beginning of old age. After reading the biography of a Gladstone, a Ranke, or a Moltke, one is inclined to affirm that somewhere in the late seventies signs of diminished vigor may not unreasonably be expected to appear. On the other hand, Professor William James deliberately maintains that most men begin to be old fogies at about twenty-five. No pension fund that we have heard of, whether actual or projected, accepts this estimate, but weighty authorities might be quoted for dates which a modern Bishop or Cabinet Minister would think absurd. Roger Bacon spoke of himself at fifty-three as already an old man, and Sir Walter Scott made a similar lamentation at fifty-five. In Dante's "Convito" old age begins at forty-five. At thirty-eight Montaigne retired to his castle, to spend his declining years in meditation and study. Oliver Wendell Holmes reminds us that Dr. Johnson once indicated thirty-five as the point after which our remaining steps are downhill. His own suggestion, it will be remembered, is that fifty or thereabouts is the childhood of old age,—the time when the graybeard youngster must be weaned from his late suppers.

It is clear, then, that the beginning of old age is not a matter of chro-

nology merely, any more than the right time for beginning and leaving off fires can be determined by the almanac. There is much to be said for the familiar maxim that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as old as he feels, but as a guide of conduct it is often delusive. Emerson was undoubtedly right when he emphasized the difficulty of a man's becoming sensible of the inroads of time if left to himself: "If we did not find the reflection of ourselves in the eyes of the young people, we could not know that the century-clock had struck seventy instead of twenty." Hence it is that few people escape a shock when they learn for the first time, from some casual greeting or overheard conversation, that they are now classified among the seniors. In the wise and witty "Allegoria Senectutis" in the "Autocrat"—Holmes is unmatched as a stimulus of ideas in the discussion of such a subject as this—Old Age is represented as never forcing himself upon a man's recognition until he has known him at least five years. The first time he calls people answer "Not at home," and he leaves a card,—three straight lines running up and down between the eyebrows. He makes further annual visits, leaving another card each time, until he is let in or forces his way in through the front-door or the windows.

There are, of course, certain rough-and-ready physical tests which are at the service of every one who owns a looking-glass. Most obvious of all are the changes in the thickness and color of the hair; but these may easily be pooh-poohed, for every one has bald and gray-headed friends of whom it would be ridiculous to speak as in other than buoyant and aggressive youth. Other signs—crows-feet, for

example—are less likely to be prematurely developed; but, after all, such marks as these are only facial, or if one prefers to call them so, superficial. Comparisons of physical energy are more really significant. Thus Sir James Paget suggested a careful test of one's rate of walking as a help to the diagnosis of the malady of growing old. Fatigue in climbing means, as a rule, not so much growing old as growing older; it is a symptom of the passage from youth to middle age. Hamerton reports a curious observation made to him, quite independently of each other, by two old men. There was a period in life, they said, which varied in different individuals, but which might be fixed between forty and fifty, when a tendency to physical indolence, a love of ease, began insidiously to creep over a man. If allowed to progress unresisted, it would make him useless before his time.

Physiologists are able to speak more definitely as far as average constitutions are concerned. The combustion of carbon by the human body has been found to increase up to about the thirtieth year, to remain stationary until about forty-five, and then to diminish. Then, again, the brain usually stops growing at about fifty, and from sixty to seventy it is more likely to decrease. It has been related by Canon MacColl that Mr. Gladstone's head was constantly outgrowing his hats. As late as the Midlothian campaign, when he was nearly seventy, he was obliged to have his head remeasured for this reason. Canon MacColl's conclusion that this continual growth of brain contributed to Mr. Gladstone's perennial youthfulness appears not unwarranted.

Intellectually it is not always easy to distinguish between evidences of failing vigor and the natural results of the absorption of time by one's daily occupation and family cares. Sir James Paget, discussing the old age

of doctors, noted that he could not himself keep pace with increasing knowledge; he could not read a twentieth or a fiftieth part of what was published, nor could he attend the meetings of the societies. If he could have been set free from the claims of a busy practice, he might not, perhaps, have found the progress of his art so bewildering. His detection of diminished skill was more to the point. This varied, he supposed, in different persons; in himself he observed it especially in prescribing. He found himself narrowing his range of medicines, learning none new, and forgetting many of the old. A slackening of one's speed in mental activity may be regarded as a proof of failing powers, provided this declension cannot be explained by want of practise. An odd experiment was once tried by Archbishop Benson, as related in his biography. A newspaper had spoken of him as "a great worker, though not rapid." To test whether his former speed had deserted him, he set himself the next night to write a sonnet to St. Paul, beginning at 10.15 p.m. and finishing at 11.45. He was quite satisfied with the result; but even if it had been disappointing, it might easily have been attributed to the disuse of certain faculties rather than their decay. Facility in sonnet-writing, it may be presumed, is not often demanded in the discharge of archiepiscopal functions.

In his comment on this test, however, the Archbishop made one remark well worth pondering. "I do not find myself," he said, "less rapid than in the old days. But I do find a very increasing unwillingness to come to the point,—a decided preference for doing any other duty than the one which it would be prudent to take in hand at any given moment." Some of us are unhappily conscious of this tendency long before we are out of our teens, but in those who are normally quick

to respond to the demands of their proper work this failure of the will may reasonably be interpreted as due to the inroads of old age. It is harder to rouse oneself out of an accustomed position, whether physical, mental, or moral. Habits are found to be economical of nervous energy, and any interference with them is resented as imposing an undesirable strain on the weakening power of initiative. "They shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way." All

this reluctance to accept necessary modifications of the established order only confirms a generalization of Sir Andrew Clark's, which perhaps takes us as near as we shall ever get to a definite conclusion on the whole question. "Age begins," he once told a friend, "when we cease to be able to adapt ourselves to the changes of our environment. A man who cannot do that is already aged, whatever may be the sum of his years."

*The Spectator.*

---

### LORD KELVIN.

By the unanimous suffrage of scientific men at home and abroad Lord Kelvin's name is inscribed on the first page in the world's list of discoverers and inventors. It is said that there is hardly any department of physics which his minute and imaginative researches did not extend and illuminate. As one of his admiring biographers puts it, he was supreme in molecular physics and electricity; in dynamics he is coupled with Tait; in the theory of gases with Maxwell and Helmholtz; in heat, thermodynamics, and the theory of energy with Joule, Clausius, and Rankine; in electricity with Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz. His discovery of the electric oscillations or surges when a Leyden jar is discharged led the way for Maxwell's theory of electricity and the wireless telegraph. We owe to Kelvin the idea of "absolute temperature," an ideal thermometer, graded on the theory of work done by heat, and ranging from absolute zero —460 deg. of frost—to the heat of the sun's surface.

The Lucretius of modern science alike in imaginative powers and in his devotion to reason, he was possessed

of a modesty, a reverence in the presence of Nature and her mysteries, that should serve as an example to all who are tempted by success to lose the perspective of their insignificance. When he celebrated the jubilee of his professorship at Glasgow in 1896, and received from the French Academy of Sciences the Arago gold medal, Lord Kelvin particularly drew the attention of the great company of philosophers and discoverers to his failure. He expressed profound gratitude to his scientific comrades. He felt their kindness; but on thinking "how infinitely little" he had done, he could feel no pride:—

One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made during fifty-five years, and that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity, and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach fifty years ago in my first session as professor. Something of sadness must come of failure; but in the pursuit of science inborn necessity to make the effort brings with it much of the *certaminis gaudia*, and saves the natu-

ralist from being wholly miserable, perhaps enables him to be fairly happy in his daily work.

And he almost protested that he had been rewarded too generously—as if he had spent his life struggling to do good among the masses of the population, or “working for the benefit of the people in public duty voluntarily accepted.” After speaking, however, of his failure, the great man dwelt upon another topic which might sufficiently answer the self-made accusation. He spoke of the splendid compensations for philosophic failures we have had in the admirable discoveries by observation and experiment of the properties of matter, and in the exquisitely beneficent applications of science to the use of mankind, with which those 50 years had so abounded. Surely when we reflect how discovery opens the path to invention, how invention saves labor, increases wealth, diffuses comfort, enlarges the interests and activities of mankind, and mitigates suffering, we can fairly place a Kelvin at least as high in the list of human benefactors as the ablest and most unselfish statesman, or the wisest philanthropist.

But it is very rare to find the passion for pure discovery and abstract speculation united with the passion for practical invention. Lord Kelvin was pre-eminent in both. From boyhood to death he wrestled with the problem of the age of the earth—how long it has taken to cool, and how much longer it will be warm enough to sustain life. But in addition to these sublime speculations, he rivalled Edison as an inventor. He first won fame in connection with the Atlantic cable of 1858. When he grappled with the problem of submarine telegraphy he was told that the thing was “impossible and beyond the resources of human skill.” Faraday ex-

perimenting with a cable between Harwich and the Hague had found that the passage of submarine signals was not instantaneous as on land wires, and Thomson afterwards showed that a single signal would occupy six seconds in transmission from Ireland to Newfoundland. This made the finance of a cable hopeless; for even if it were successfully laid under the Atlantic the words that could be sent in a day would be far too few to pay. But Thomson by an almost magical contrivance (the mirror galvanometer) overcame the “retardation” difficulty, and in August, 1858, there passed from shore to shore the message: “Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will towards men.”

The first cable failed, but Thomson persisted; and at last as electrician to the Atlantic cable of 1865-6 achieved a practical and final success. The “Siphon recorder” now used on most of the long submarine cables was one of his inventions, as well as many instruments for electric measurement. After the Atlantic cable Lord Kelvin’s most popular feat was the invention of the mariner’s compass. In 1874 he wrote a first series of articles on the mariner’s compass in *Good Words*, but the second article did not appear until five years later. In the interval he had been working at an improved compass of his own. He has told us how when writing the first paper he became alive to the faults of existing compasses, and set himself to produce one steadier at sea than the others, and cured of the error arising from the magnetism of the ship. “When there seemed a possibility of finding a compass which should fulfil the conditions of the problem,” he writes, in his “Popular Lectures and Addresses,” “I felt it impossible to complacently describe compasses which perform their duty ill, or less well than might

be, through not fulfilling these conditions." He sent his compass to Sir George Airy, at the Royal Observatory, for his inspection, but Sir George, after examining it, shook his head and said, "It won't do." When Thomson heard of this he merely remarked, "So much for the Astronomer-Royal's opinion." The Admiralty also rejected the invention with the usual rigid intelligence of a Government Department.

The laboratory which the great professor created in Glasgow University (begun in a wine cellar) is described as the finest of its kind in existence and certainly unique. "It is a repository of the most accurate and delicate instruments of his own invention—electrometers, compasses, sounding machines, Watt-meters, and other apparatus embodying the perfection of mechanical and geometrical adjustment." The Kelvin patents are said

to number upwards of 50. Mr. James White's large workshop in Glasgow, with 200 workmen and a staff of electricians, is employed in their manufacture.

It is said by the *Scotsman* that Lord Kelvin, mild as his temper was for an Ulsterman, had three fierce passions—hatred of Hegel, of British weights and measures, and of Cambridge examinations. These were the only topics that could tempt him to digress in the class-room. Hegel, we are told, he would attack passionately, on the slightest provocation, for his presumptuous audacity in questioning the Newtonian philosophy. He would also frequently leave a problem half finished to demonstrate the beautiful simplicity of the decimal system, or the miserable insufficiency of the Cambridge system of examination.

*The Economist.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In spite of young Charles Lowell's declaration that no elder generation could possibly understand its junior the elder does not cease to offer advice and the latest volume presented to him, Mr. Albert Shaw's "The Outlook for the Average Man," is contrived a double debt to pay. Not only does it suggest to the youngster in what direction success may await him, but it bids the senior pause for a moment to consider what sort of a world he has shaped and is shaping for posterity. Mr. Shaw himself seems more than fairly satisfied with that world and such improvements as he suggests are in the general direction of socialism or paternalism. Also he shows more than ordinary contentment with the

disposition of the elements entering into the composition of the nation and with their probable faculty of assimilation, and his book must be taken as cheering and stimulating. The Macmillan Company.

Not often now does Mr. Marion Crawford set his hand to little matters, but when he chooses, the strength bred in directing the machinery of plots complicated by the intrigues and customs of centuries and the accuracy produced by measuring the reaction and interaction of individual and party, faction and race, gives his work such neatness and finish as one finds only in the product of such old practitioners in fiction as he. "The Little

"City of Hope" is a slight Christmas story with the perennial Christmas themes; deep depression, apparently irremediable; sudden removal of depression: candles, holly, Christmas! The source of trouble and joy is, however, quite novel, and its dynamic power is so doubtful that one questions its power up to the very last moment, as the author mischievously intends. The book is prettily bound with lavish display of holly leaf and berry and page decorations, and the story is so simple and so pretty that a child can understand it although not too childish to furnish enjoyment for men and women. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Ernest H. Shoot's "A History of Sculpture," although by no means a small book, is so simple in its outlines, so concentrated in its substance and so welded by constant comparison and reference, that one hardly realizes how many individual sculptors, and how many great works are criticised in its pages until one notes the number of the pictures or the size of the index. Holding the theory that art can be understood only in the light of national and international history, and that schools of sculpture were really created by the peoples to whom they appealed, he has given closest attention to sculpture expressive of national feeling and thus has made a history of sculpture more truly entitled to the name than those which merely tell of the passage of the torch of art from hand to hand. Also he has not only made a rarely fascinating book for the reading of the adult, but he has written one of the very few works from which a schoolboy may acquire a broad general view of anything. A youth with as much Greek and Roman history, French, English and American history as he must learn before he is half way through a preparatory school, with a great deal less

than he will learn if he care for reading good novels, can enter into the author's thought and revise all his ideas as to the value and the charm of history and of art. With similar works in painting and architecture he could dispense with the reading of much formal history, and yet be better fitted to understand and sympathize with those who "ante nos in mundo fuere," than if he knew every date in every immemorial dryasdust. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"At least they have given to me what they had to give me . . . my part of their souls." So says Mr. Arthur Symons in the dedication to Madame la Comtesse de la Tour with which he prefaces his "Cities of Italy," and he explains himself a little, although no one knows better than he that the reader who needs such an explanation will never understand the saying, if every possible permutation of the dictionary be poured out before him. This has been a winter of books that are treasures of color and especially of Italian color, and having the beautiful pages through which one could gaze into Italian sunshine, the inward eye has half forgotten the trick of flashing open at the bidding of the magic phrase as pictorial in power as Titian's pencil or Giotto's crayon, and it is good that at the last, this book should come, pictureless, save for an old print of the Roman forum, yet glowing with pictures. One could live through an Arctic winter with no more color than shines from these pages. But this is no description of the book in which the author writes of Rome, Venice, Florence, Siena, Ravenna, Naples, Bologna, Pisa, Bergamo, and one or two others, for it is not only color that lies upon its pages; it is the reflection in more than one case of that whole past of an old city which so impresses itself upon a visitor that one wonders how one born in such a place

can endure the dull dry freshness of the New World atmospheres. One glances through the book; turns back to read again, and finds that the phrases do not fade from the memory, but leave their image. In the few cases in which the author permits himself to write of things utterly distasteful to him this effect is so strong that one does not voluntarily persist to the end. Mr. Symons hates Naples: very well, one leaves most of his reasons unread. But the largeness of Rome, the dreamy pleasantness of Venice: the self-consciousness of Florence, the warm beauty of Siena and the reasons therefor are matters for study. One may give the picture books to friends. This, like the volume called "Cities" in which some of its essays originally appeared is a book to keep and love.

E. P. Dutton & Co.

The late Mr. Jeremiah Curtin was fortunate in finishing the most important of the many works which he undertook in his industrious life, his great history, "The Mongols." To its preparation all his previous work had been but introductory, and had his life been purposely shaped to that end, he could hardly have proceeded in any different way. Even those translations from the Polish by which ironically enough, he is best known, comparatively frivolous although they were, helped to fit him for this work by compelling him, for weeks together to think in the terms of a century before the period when Europe began to fancy that she must be victorious in any struggle with Asia. The horrors of the Irish

myths and hero tales accustomed him to those that he was to encounter in the history of a race as heartless as the grinning iron-clawed cats of Celtic fable, and his researches among Slav and Magyar myths helped to make a rare foundation for this history: he knew the hearts of the brutes of whom he wrote. "Brutes," is the correct word as the President implies when in his enthusiastic introduction he compares the Mongol with the Apache and the Comanche: they conquered Asia as wolves conquer a sheepfold. Some of the wolves were larger and stronger than the others but they were wolves and naught else. The long story of their centuries of fighting is skillfully narrated, but nevertheless this is not one of the books which men will care to reread, nor is it necessary. When once the general scheme is understood, the excellent chapter analyses furnish means for swift review and the index suffices for reference, and one is content to remember that the three great religions divided the Mongols of the third generation among them and that such as it is in this history the race is dead. Stray tribes and fragments are now and then discovered in the conquered regions and advertised as primitive peoples for the exaltation of some traveller who hardly knows the name of Mongol, but in future these will be properly classified, thanks to Mr. Curtin. "One of the two or three foremost scholars of America," the President calls him, and truly no one more devotedly desired learning and truth. Little, Brown & Co.

